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ハーレム
Harem Dynast
ダイナスト

新・黄金竜を従えた王国

上巻

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二次元ドリームノベルズ

黄金竜を従えた王国 — 上巻

美姫陵辱

小説 竹内 けん

挿絵 せんばた楼

KING OF DARKNESS

Prologue — Wings in the Blue Sky



Illustration : SENBATA ROU



It was early summer.

Black wings soared through the blue sky.

If anyone on the surface noticed, it may have looked like a falcon pursuing its prey.

However, this was no falcon. Nor was it an eagle. Nor a hawk. It was a dragon. The black beast had giant wings, fierce fangs, and deadly claws.

It flew calmly in the sky above.

And it was indeed pursuing its prey. However, its ferocious red eyes were following not a small animal in the grass but a vast army.

This was the western Catra territory of the central plain's great kingdom of Clanaria.

The thirty thousand of Clanaria's army were facing the eighteen thousand of

Exstar's army.

It was a defensive war for Clanaria and an invasive war for Exstar.

The two kingdoms had a history of countless battles since their foundation, but this time, Exstar had no justification for their invasion.

It could be seen as a periodic invasion. They had no grand plan of destroying Clanaria and fully absorbing them. Their shallow thoughts were to take what little territory they could or at least make a show of force and demand reparations after the fact.

Then again, some whispered that Exstar's King Hauble simply enjoyed war. In truth, he really had started this war for that reason. It truly was an age of greed.

"Isn't this as good a spot as any?"

As the black dragon soared through the sky, it landed on the peak of a small hill a short distance from either camp on the battlefield.

"Yes. I'm glad I had you with me, Naja."

A large man in black stepped down from the dragon's back.

He was just a little past twenty, he had black hair, and he had sanpaku eyes. He had a masculine face and a dangerous atmosphere.

"Thank her, not me. She's the one that flew both of us here all the way from Domos."

That request came from a woman with a red ponytail sitting on the dragon's back. She was around twenty and her healthily tanned skin was left boldly exposed.

"Yes, that's right. Excellent work, Lacquer Scale."

The man gave a carefree smile, reached out a hand, and patted the dragon's neck as if slapping it. The black dragon narrowed its eyes in satisfaction.

As he thanked the dragon, the man looked to the view down below and released a breath of laughter and astonishment.

"We made it in time, but it might as well be over. I'm impressed they managed to give themselves such an advantage."

The Clanarian army was under the command of the veteran General Albare as well as Left General Hopard, Right General Chamomile, and Royal Guard General Madelene.

The Exstar army was under the command of King Hauble as well as Shamrock, Cliburn, and Oldrake, who were commonly known as the Three Great Retainers.

Both sides had their greatest possible force on display.

“Yeah, Clanaria’s definitely going to win.”

After jumping down from the dragon and releasing the reins, the red-haired woman looked down at the battlefield and agreed.



Exstar’s King Hauble was a brave and belligerent ruler, but he was poor at displaying that power, tended to lose land through political compromise, and had gained about as much land as he had lost since his coronation. However,

the war expenses continued piling up and the kingdom's treasury was under a lot of strain.

On the other hand, Clanaria's King Baldwin showed no interest in foreign campaigns and poured all his strength into domestic affairs. Since his coronation, Clanaria's territory had not grown in the slightest, but the population had grown and the kingdom had developed.

The two kingdoms had a long history of conflict and a notable gap had grown between them in recent years.

Even with King Hauble in command, eighteen thousand men was the most Exstar's army could muster, while Clanaria could send out thirty thousand men with King Baldwin remaining in the kingdom to manage things there.

Plus, Exstar's expeditionary army had to think about maintaining a supply unit, so their actual fighting force was only half of Clanaria's.

And yet Clanaria held all of the crucial high ground.

If Exstar attacked as things were, they would be completely wiped out by the enemy surrounding them, yet if they began a retreat, they would be pursued and utterly defeated.

"The only way for Exstar to pull off a victory here is to break through the center, but that doesn't look possible. I don't know how things ended up like this, but there's nothing they can do while so completely surrounded. Is Exstar's king just that incompetent or is Clanaria's commander just that skilled? Probably both."

That prediction came true not long later.

The first to make their move was the Exstar army which had such an overwhelming disadvantage.

They fired arrows and magic like crazy and used that to blind their enemy while they moved in for a determined charge.

Their daring was worthy of an army led by a veteran warrior king, but the brave attack was gently stopped and cleverly parried by a unit led by a female Clanarian knight named Lucy.

The Exstar army's careless advance drew them into the crossfire. Even the daring Exstar army was broken by that attack and began a temporary retreat.

But before Exstar could regroup, Left General Hopard and Right General Chamomile left their positions on the high ground to effectively enter the fray after a time delay.

The generals' elaborate tactical movements completed a half circle formation.

The Exstar army was like a boat being tossed by a tsunami and a muddy current, but they continued fighting back thanks to the desperate efforts of the Three Great Retainers. However, that resistance only lasted until Royal Guard General Madelene used the spare forces under his command to circle behind them.

The Exstar army was destroyed by the battle which lasted only a little over two hours and by the continued pursuit of the half circle formation.

Exstar's King Hauble only escaped the battle line alive due to the devoted efforts of Lord Oldrake's daughter Rebecca in her blue armor and due to the valiant fighting of the Three Great Retainers. It was also due to the fact that the Clanaria army had intentionally left an escape route open.

It was a superbly clever tactic that allowed them to pursue a routed enemy rather than strike a cornered enemy.

"Could it be...?"

As the man observed from a distance, sweat trailed down his cheek and he tightly clenched both hands.

"Your Majesty..."

Unable to just watch, the red-haired woman placed her hands on his fist.

The Clanarian army had not tried to show off. They had prepared an army large enough to overwhelm the enemy, successfully positioned their troops, and won quite easily.

It looked like a perfectly natural victory at first, but it only looked so natural because of Clanaria's great potential. They had plenty of power as a kingdom, skilled commanders, and high soldier morale.

They had shown exactly the sort of multi-faceted strength one would expect of a great kingdom from the central plain.

“That settles it.”

“Settles what?” casually asked the red-haired woman.

“I am going to get married,” announced the man.

“What?”

The woman responded to the unexpected announcement in confused disarray.

“Stephan had already suggested it, so preparations are underway for me to wed Clanaria’s Second Princess Ansandra. We have no time. We must hurry back home.”

“W-wait! What do you mean!?”

The man mounted the flying dragon and the woman grabbed its reins while continuing to complain.

“You did excellent work today. Your promotion to command a thousand-knight unit has already been confirmed.”

During a lull in the pursuit, Royal Guard General Madelene rode his horse over to the woman knight named Lucy and placed a hand on her shoulder to thank her for her efforts.

“This will further increase the king’s and the courtiers’ trust in you, so are you now another step closer to marrying Princess Virginia?”

“That’s right.”

The man gracefully replied as the proud woman knight brushed his arm off of her and looked up into the sky.

“What is it?”

Madelene followed Lucy’s gaze.

“A wild flying dragon? That’s unusual for these parts.”

“Yes, and it seems to be glittering with a gold light.”

The dragon flew to the north. Its skin color would not normally have been visible, but the light of the setting sun gave it a golden glimmer.

The two of them were enthralled by the fantastical scene.

Someone who knew what the future held for them would likely say Clanaria should have shot down that unidentified dragon rather than continue pursuit of Exstar.

“What do you mean get married!? Weren’t we going to destroy Clanaria? Why are you taking a wife from them? What has you so scared!?”

“Now, now. No need to be jealous.”

The jealous woman was Naja, a general of the Domos Kingdom.

Her face grew red with anger as the man embraced her from behind to soothe her. He was Domos’s King Lorent.

That dangerous king was rumored to have murdered his own father before his coronation three years before and then he had been quick to destroy the kingdoms of Celeste and Sulbey.

He had long viewed Clanaria as an enemy, so when word came in they were at war with a neighboring kingdom, he had gone out for some reconnaissance. Of all fifty or so major kingdoms, no king was as fierce as him.

“This is a necessary step toward making Clanaria mine.”

While he ruled three kingdoms, they were all remote kingdoms. Clanaria was blessed with much fertile land, so it had far greater power as a kingdom.

He could not overcome that gap with a direct attack, so he had thought up a cunning plot.

Chapter 1 — My Princess

“Princess! Princess Ansandra, are you here!?”

The powerful Clanaria Kingdom controlled the fertile land of the Bastore Plain and was situated just about in the center of the continent.

And that was true more than just geographically. It was the major artery that connected the great eastern kingdom of Ralfint with the western city states. It was the land where the inland roads met the northern roads to the remote northern territories.

On top of that, rivers flowed in from Celeste to the northeast, Nephthys to the east, and Vouivre to the southeast and joined together into the mighty Light Cloth River that flowed west from there.

The land truly was the cornerstone of the continent’s commercial distribution, it had a greater population than anywhere else on the continent, and its economy was greatly developed.

As if to show off their wealth, the royal capital of Curling contained a vast and beautiful castle of great white stones.

A woman in a military uniform rushed down the passageway leading to the deepest palace in that castle.

“She’s in the detached palace, isn’t she? Fine then. I don’t need a guide. I can get there myself.”

She had carelessly-cut deep violet hair and deeply chiseled facial features. Her large eyes glittered a reddish brown. She wore too little makeup and had little sex appeal, but her looks themselves were not bad. She had the dignified aura of a knight woman who lived for battle.

Her military uniform suited the whip-like flexibility and broad shoulders of her tall build.

Her top was made from a glossy white fabric with gold hemming, the pants

covering her legs were a dull silverish-white, she wore a short purple cape on her back, and a silver medal with a griffon design shined on her left breast.

That medal modeled after a fantasy beast was Clanaria's sign of a commander in charge of a thousand knights. Reaching that rank at only twenty and as a woman made her a truly exceptional person.

"You can't do that, Lady Lucy. Not now. We were ordered to keep everyone away."

Just like a small bird harassing a wild eagle, she was stopped by Mimi, a maid in an orange dress and a white apron and hat.

"Out of the way."

As if the maid meant nothing to her, the agitated knight woman shoved her aside and continued with great strides.

"You're so mean...but so lovely♥♥"

Poor Mimi had fallen onto her butt, but rather than grow angry, hearts appeared in her tear-damp eyes.

Due to Lucy's appearance and personality, she was immensely popular with the royal palace's young court ladies who wanted the knight to be their "mistress". Mimi was one such girl and she had always wanted to get close to her.

Lucy would normally tease those girls and have a little fun with them, but she was in no mood for playing around today.

It was early afternoon as the hot summer days continued during the twentieth year of King Baldwin's reign.

Shimmering heat rose from the castle walls from which the kingdom's phoenix flag flew and the greenery of the garden glittered white in the intense sunlight, but the flowers overcame the scorching heat and let their red and yellow petals blossom brightly.

"Would you look at that..."

There was a reason why the plants were thriving.

Second Princess Ansandra loved the detached palace which was surrounded by a curtain of water.

The elegant structure had a roof and pillars, but no walls. Instead, pure underground water was drawn up with magical power to flow down the four sides of the roof and surround the structure with a beautiful silver curtain. It was the mist of the water constantly falling from the roof that filled the surrounding flowers and other plants with such life.

A little girl in a maid uniform was laughing as she played in the water, but when she noticed Lucy, she called inside.

“Lucy is here.”

A response came from within.

“Oh, my. Lucy is back? Have her come in.”

Now that she had permission to enter the detached palace, the woman knight nervously passed through the curtain of water.

All external sound was cut off and the oppressive heat vanished. Her skin had grown used to the scorching heat, so she felt a little chilled.

A woman and a girl had apparently been discussing something inside.

When Lucy noticed, she quickly kneeled.

“Welcome back, Lucy. I’m glad to see you safe and sound.”

The individual Lucy had been searching for met her with a smile.

It was Clanaria’s Second Princess Ansandra.

The girl was four years younger than Lucy and gave off a sense of intelligence and purity.

She had long glossy blonde hair, large blue eyes, pink lips, a smooth bridge of the nose, an extremely small nose, a skinny white throat, and slender arms and legs. Her smiling face had a well-formed and adorable beauty with its innocence still remaining.

She wore a cool-looking white dress made of layer after layer of lace with intricate openwork. Her milk white upper arms were bare as the dress had no

sleeves and the tulip-shaped skirt was short enough to see her knees and the lengthy legs below them.

Her chest and such were still quite young, so her body gave off a sense of youth more than sex appeal. However, she had a warm atmosphere that gave a sense of gentleness, responsibility, and compassion, so no one could help but like her.

She was like a detailed doll created by a skilled craftsman to represent the ideal princess.

Her age, appearance, personality, and social position were all different from Lucy's, but they had known each other since childhood and were the closest of friends.

That was why Lucy had ignored the command to stay away, but that had apparently been a bit of a problem this time.

"I believe we ordered everyone away from here."

A woman criticized her with an unconcerned look on her face. Her long golden hair, blue eyes, and milk-white skin were much like Ansandra's.

The resemblance was to be expected as she was Ansandra's sister. Older by three years, she was Clanaria's First Princess Virginia.

"My apologies. Um...what is the meaning of this strange situation?"

"Strange? How cruel. I was the one that set this place up for my cute little sister."

As the older sister, Virginia was notably more mature than her younger sister.

Her facial features were deeply chiseled yet delicate, but they had none of the undeveloped fickleness of her sister. The bridge of her nose stood tall and she boldly increased her beauty with red rouge and blue eyeshadow.

She was as tall as Lucy, she had a large bust that was reminiscent of a cow's udders, she had a tight and slender waist, and she had large child-bearing hips.

As if to show off that high-powered body, she wore a royal-blue tight-fitting suit that left her cleavage and her thighs exposed. Half her long legs were covered by wine-red knee socks and she wore high heels on her feet.

She wore a long blood rose colored cape on her back.

Her choice in clothing was enough to frustrate the more sensible members of the royal court and it was a testament to her focus on magic.

She had established a magic research agency under her direct command and she used that to create countless strange types of magic, so she was commonly known as being obsessed with magic. In a way, she was Clanaria's most famous princess.



“Thank you very much, Virginia. This allows me to nap and read in comfort even during these sweltering days.”

“Right, right? You’re such a good girl, Ansandra.”

The elder sister puffed her chest out and held her head high when her little sister thanked her. She then glanced at Lucy’s kneeling form and shrugged.

“I’m sure this is about to get annoying, so I’ll be leaving.”

“Please stay a while longer, Virginia.”

The Witch Princess looked back when her sister tried to stop her.

“I am quite busy, you know? And if Lucy is back, then my beloved Madelene must be as well♪”

“That’s right. It would be insensitive to keep you here, wouldn’t it?”

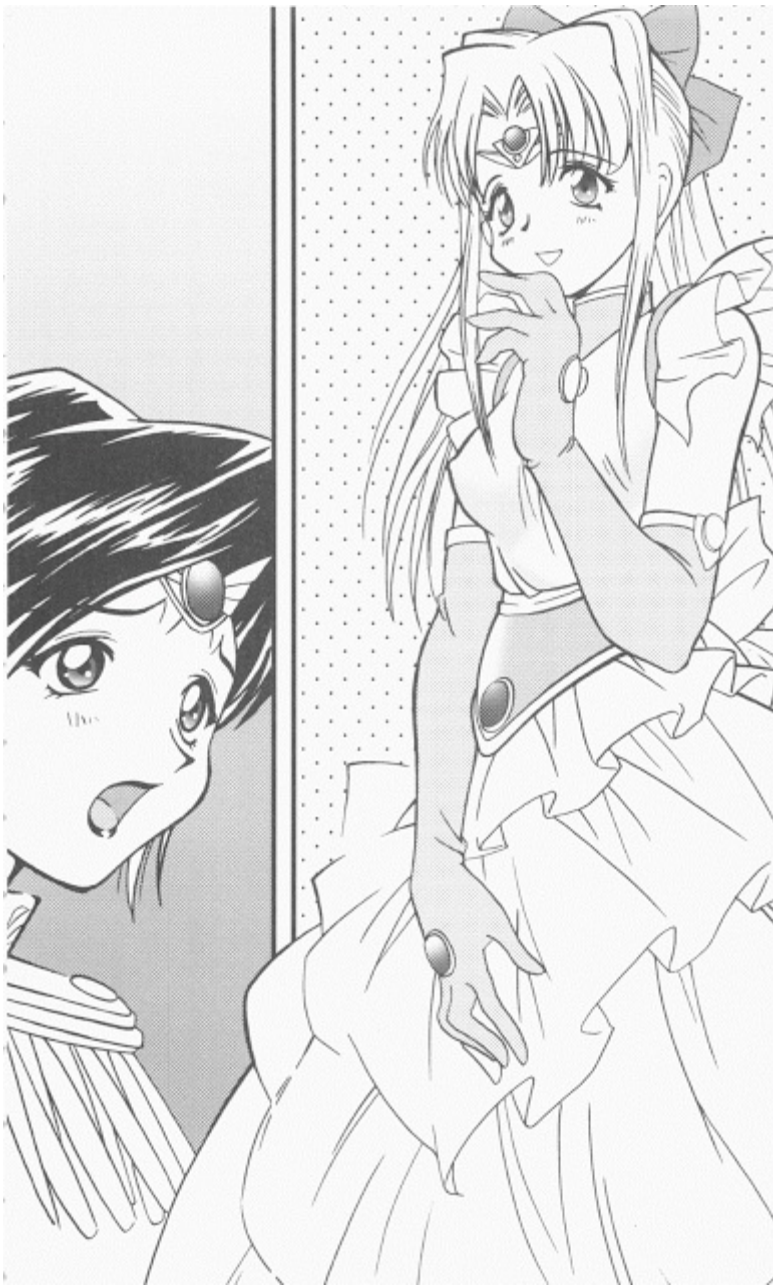
Virginia left the water palace while humming at the thought of her lover’s return.

“Now, then. It seems you had another victory and made even more of a name for yourself. Congratulations on the promotion.”

With the annoying witch gone, Ansandra sat in a refreshing wicker chair.

“No, that promotion is only thanks to my father.”

Lucy scorned the praise Ansandra gave her and followed the princess’s instructions to sit in the opposite chair.



“Don’t be so modest. The valiant daughter of Clanaria’s General Albare is known as the War Goddess throughout the kingdom and even in the neighboring kingdoms.”

Ansandra laughed in a voice as clear as a bell. Charmed by her smile, Lucy narrowed her eyes as if it was too bright to look at.

“Being called a War Goddess or a Demon Princess is entirely normal for any woman knight on the battlefield.”

Lucy’s father was the top officer of Clanaria’s army, so this was undoubtedly thanks to his connections. But it was true she was a valiant warrior and that she had achieved much this time. Her lovely appearance and her fierce fighting had made her a famous warrior in the Clanarian army and it was often said she might become history’s greatest woman general in twenty years if all went well.

“I hear you had a brilliant victory over Exstar’s main army of eighteen

thousand. The west should be peaceful for the time being now.”

“Yes, my father Albare commanded flawlessly and crushing an enemy formation that was effectively not even half our size was a simple task. My contributions were rewarded with a promotion and...no, wait! None of that matters! How can you be so calm!? Is it true you’re being forced into a political marriage with the king of Domos!?”

As she spoke, Lucy recalled why she was even here and grew hysterical.

Ansandra smiled a little in silence as she grabbed a document from the table next to her and showed it to Lucy.

Lucy gasped when she read the title: Culture of the Domos Region.

“Princess, are you actually planning to go!?”

“Oh? Are you against it, Lucy?”

Lucy briefly hesitated when she saw her princess’s sad look, but she resolutely announced her feelings.

“Yes. I am against it. There are dangerous rumors about Domos’s King Lorent, saying he killed his father to take the throne. He also conquered the neighboring kingdoms of Celeste and Sulbey. He is filled with greed and fearless ambition. I have no doubt he will eventually begin to crave Clanaria as well!”

“!”

Ansandra calmly accepted Lucy’s unusual anger, but the small maid girl playing in the water curtain had opened her eyes wide.

“Look, you scared Frangese by shouting.”

“My apologies. But!”

When Ansandra realized she could not stop her older friend, she smiled in bitter resignation.

“Wait just a second. Frangese, sorry, but Lucy and I have to discuss some complicated things. Go help Mimi over there.”

“Understood, Your Highness.”

The girl of just four obeyed her beloved princess’s instructions and walked out

of the room.

Ansandra narrowed her eyes as she watched the adorable girl leave, but then she tilted her head in thought and looked to Lucy. As her lovely hair fluttered behind her, it seemed spun from threads of polished sunshine.

“It is true Domos’s King Lorent seems to have a fierce temperament, but his ambition has brought two more kingdoms under his command.”

It was easy to imagine that rapidly expanded kingdom would be filled with unease on the domestic front. Marrying the princess of an advanced kingdom like Clanaria was likely meant to help guide the kingdom.

“But Lorent is an extremely cruel man.”

“Cruel? That isn’t very nice. He is going to be my husband, you know?”

Ansandra wrinkled her brow in displeasure at Lucy’s insistence.

“I am aware this is rude of me, but Celeste and Sulbey were conquered quite harshly. And it is hard to say the women were treated in a gentlemanly manner.”

She did not come out and say it, but rumor had it the beautiful princesses of the conquered castles had been taken straight to the bedroom.

But Ansandra was already aware of those rumors.

“I’m glad you’re worried, but this has already been decided. My father King Baldwin, Prime Minister Stuart, your father General Albare, Royal Guard General Madelene, Right General Chamomile, Left General Hopard, Minister of Foreign Affairs Dubuc, Minister of Finance Madeley, and the others on the royal council have already made up their minds. I do not have a say in the matter.”

Incidentally, Minister of Finance Madeley’s daughter was Frangese, Ansandra’s favorite maid who had just left.

“And I do not mind if my husband has a few mistresses.”

She had been born the second daughter of the royal family, so she had known she would be part of a political marriage eventually.

Marrying in public and loving in private was the standard way of things for

anyone above a certain rank.

Women from noble families showed their pride by not complaining about her husband's mistresses as long as her official position was assured.

Even if it was of a savage and remote kingdom, she would be a queen. What more could she want from a marriage?

But even after that thorough explanation from her respected princess, Lucy was not convinced and leaned forward to dissuade her.

"But why you, Princess Ansandra? My apologies, but your sister Princess Virginia seems about the right age for that."

Unlike her younger sister, it was hard to say Virginia had a refined personality. She was so focused on her pursuit of magic that she could lose sight of reality.

She was indeed more skilled with magic than one would expect of a royal and those skills were some of the best in the kingdom, but she also produced a lot of waste in her magic research and was one of the secret sources of worries for the kingdom.

If they were going to marry off a princess, it would be best to deal with that burden at the same time. And her more mature appearance was sure to appeal to the savage people of Domos. That was what Lucy wanted to say.

"Oh, but it couldn't be Virginia. She is madly in love with Royal Guard General Madelene."

Ansandra's eyes widened in surprise and she brought her hands to her mouth. Lucy knew she was only playing dumb, so she frowned in disgust.

"And that's the problem. That bastard is toying with ignorant Princess Virginia and she's completely oblivious to it."

Surprisingly, it was an open secret that Virginia was madly in love and would slip out at night to enjoy trysts at Madelene's mansion.

Madelene would make an appropriate king, so it was best for the kingdom if they left that as is. On the other hand, there were no such rumors about Princess Ansandra. She did not yet have a man hidden in her heart, so the king and courtiers had likely decided she was the perfect option.

“He’s just like Domos’s king. If he became king, he would spend all his time on foreign campaigns and create cracks in the kingdom’s foundation.”

Ansandra tilted her head in surprise at her good friend’s almost fierce eloquence.

“Lucy, you really do hate Madelene, don’t you? Did something happen between you?”

Lucy’s cheeks flushed red and she spat foam from the corner of her mouth.

“Nothing happened with that pathetic excuse for a man. Of course nothing happened. I am just worried for the kingdom. Enough baseless accusations.”

She might as well have confessed that something had happened. Ansandra laughed in her heart that the born warrior simply could not lie.

“He might be a pathetic excuse for a man, but he is quite skilled. He is undefeated on the battlefield and his administrative abilities are top notch. The king likes him, he has cleverly gathered popularity, and his men passionately support their commander. He has built up a solid position in the palace and he especially shines when he dances at the balls.”

“...”

Lucy fell silent and flapped her lips like a suffocating goldfish. The expression was so amusing that Ansandra giggled.

(She can only laugh because she doesn’t know what kind of man he is. I know who he truly is.)

Lucy had a past she could never make public. She was popular among the young girls as a brave woman who had no interest in men, but she had actually secretly dated Madelene for a time.

But once he had grown intimate with Princess Virginia, he had cast her aside and taken the princess instead. In other words, he cared more about ambition than love.

If it was known she was speaking ill of the man who had cast her aside, Lucy’s claims would sound like the complaints of a jealous woman.

(That isn’t it. I don’t love him anymore. I just know how dangerous he is.)

She agonized over her inability to explain, but then she realized they were getting off topic. She corrected her expression and sharpened her tongue.

“The issue of the next king can wait. We need to focus on the more pressing issue. Please refuse to go to Domos. The king is kind, so if you are insistent, he will not force you. There must be someone better you can marry.”

“Lucy, this isn’t like you. It is true my father has a soft spot for me, but that is only on a personal level. He would not overturn a public matter like this.”

When a girl four years her junior scolded her, even Lucy realized she was being childish and relaxed her shoulders.

“Understood. I have no choice. If you insist on going to Domos, then I will accompany you.”

“You can’t do that.”

The proud princess gently shook her head at her friend’s final compromise.

“That would be wrong to General Albare. He has done so much for Clanaria, yet his precious two brothers, three sons, and wife were all killed in battle. We cannot take his only daughter from him too.”

“My father is...”

Lucy had a soft spot for her father who had raised her so carefully.

While he was the army’s top commander and a splendid warrior, he had not been blessed with familial love. He had a history of victory in battle, but he had lost many precious people in those battles.

Seeing his daughter and one remaining family member grow up had been the one joy in his personal life. But the unrefined man had not known how to show affection to his daughter, so he had ended up teaching her everything he knew: swords, lances, riding, and military tactics.

He had not actually wanted a successor. He had simply been awkward and had not known any other way of communicating with his daughter.

Lucy had been blessed with great talent and she had worked hard in her pursuit of the martial arts and other knowledge because she had enjoyed showing off how much she had grown when her busy father returned from the

battlefield. She had eventually grown into a first class warrior, but she had lost her femininity in exchange.

He had apparently recently started to secretly worry that he had raised her wrong and had even asked his colleague Lady Chamomile for advice, but he still enjoyed his life as the top general because he could remain in the royal capital and see his daughter on a daily basis.

Everyone in Clanaria agreed that any man who made a move on Lucy would be torn to pieces by General Albare.

Lucy felt that was part of the reason Madelene had kept their relationship a secret.

“And what about your men?”

Ansandra’s next words were also quite effective.

On her father Albare’s orders, Lucy had been placed in an elite unit made up of veteran warriors ever since her very first battle. They were her friends, teachers, and tools. How far would they go to stay with her? They had wives, lovers, parents, and children. Those families were reliant on Lucy as well, so even she looked daunted.

“It is true that I cannot leave Clanaria. But...but...”

Lucy worked to suppress the intense emotion rising within her, but she could not manage it.

“It would pain me to be separated from you, princess.”

She tearfully threw her large body from the chair and crouched in front of small Ansandra.

Since they were little, they had been master and servant, friends, and almost like sisters.

After Lucy had given up on men, Ansandra had grown to the level of a lover in her heart.

“I swore my sword would be used to serve only you.”

Countless memories flashed through the back of her mind as she cried. She

felt too many emotions to describe, so she fell silent and that silence ruled that palace of eternal spring.

She finally opened her mouth again as if slowly grasping the situation.

“...Understood.”

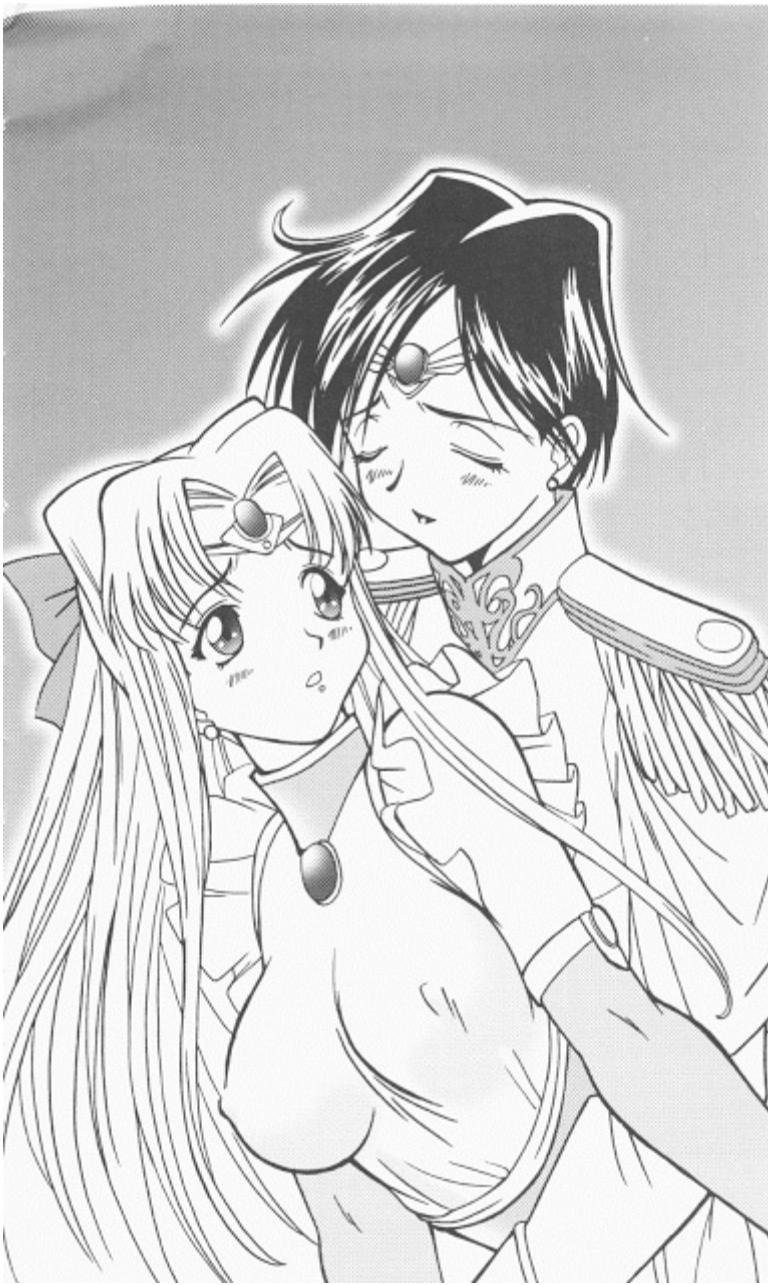
There were too many obligations holding her back, so she approached her beloved princess’s feet and quietly built her resolve.

“I thought dying for you was my greatest desire, but if you leave for Domos, I will have very few opportunities to see you. That is why I want just one thing.”

“What might that be? I’m not giving you a memento. We’re both still young, so we will see each other again one day.”

Ansandra felt awkward in Lucy’s brooding look, so she tried to make a joke.

“No, I’m not saying I want an object. I simply want to carve all of my memories of you into my heart.”



Ansandra looked unsure what this close retainer wanted.

Meanwhile, the dignified knight woman took the adorable princess's delicate hand and kissed the back. Still holding the hand, she moved forward, almost climbed on top of Ansandra in the wicker chair, and stole her lips.

"...Nn. What!?"

Ansandra quickly leaned back to separate their lips and she looked at her oldest friend in shock.

The two breathed heavily and stared at each other.

She had never seen Lucy's face from so close. Her fierce facial features looked carved from plaster, but her damp lips were the red of a lustrous rose and truly those of a beautiful woman.

There was a reason she had so many fans among the young women and girls.

“I love you, princess. Please show me every last part of you. I can use that memory to think of you in distant Domos while still here in Clanaria.”

Without waiting for an answer, Lucy forcibly embraced the girl and stole her lips again.

Ansandra did not have the strength or build to resist the intense embrace and rough kiss.

She had never before felt someone else’s soft lips on her own and she did not know how to react.

She had an interest in politics and thus knew a lot of about it, but she had almost no knowledge of sex. She was trapped by a sense of immorality, so she shut her eyes and lips, clenched her teeth, clasped her hands in front of her chest, and froze in place.

“Nnn...nn...”

The fierce knight woman’s tongue parted the beautiful curves of Ansandra’s lips, pushed inside, poked at her hard front teeth, and licked across the gums.

The tongue tip attempted to infiltrate further, but it was blocked by those adorable teeth. Lucy briefly released her embrace, held the back of the princess’s doll-like head, and pinched her cute little nose shut.

Ansandra endured for a while, but she finally opened her mouth for air.

“Ah!?”

Lucy accomplished her goal in the time it took to breathe in. She sent her tongue past the teeth before they could bite together once more.

Ansandra’s nose was freed, but Lucy’s powerful tongue was now inside her mouth. It wrapped around and had its way with the small tongue inside.

Ansandra trembled in fear at having allowed a foreign object in her mouth and she did not know how to handle how unexpectedly embarrassing and pleasant it was to have a tongue licking around within her mouth.

“Nkh...mnh, nhhh, nh.”

She had no idea how much time had passed when the intense kiss finally

came to an end.

Lucy looked down at her while breathing heavily from arousal and saw the clear and somewhat bubbly mixture of their saliva flowing from the right side of the dazed princess's mouth and soaking her slender chin.

Lucy wiped the saliva away with a finger and then pulled up the top of the girl's light blue summer dress from the waist.

A pure white belly came into view. She continued pulling it up past the small navel to reveal a white bra. Lucy carefully reached to her back and untied the knot that the many maids had so carefully tied to protect the princess's precious bust.

The two breasts spilled out.

They were beautiful. They had pure white skin with no moles or other blemishes. The young and healthy breasts had begun to swell out just below her slender collar bones and the twin peaks each had a light red flower petal on top.

The two mounds were the perfect size to fit in one's hand and they gently rose and fell as she breathed. Lucy had her breath taken away when she saw them.

"Ohh, it is such a shame to give these wonderful treasures to some savage who could never truly appreciate them."

The two young mounds seemed like the greatest treasure to Lucy and she slowly massaged and groped them to enjoy the feel of the skin. They felt as superb as they looked beautiful.

"Ah, wh-what are you...doing? Stop this, Lucy."

Ansandra was confused as to why her trusted older friend would be doing this, but Lucy placed her index fingers on the two pink works of art and moved them in circles.

"Relax, princess. I will not treat you poorly."

Lucy restrained her struggling princess, placed her lips around one of the adorable nipples as it grew stiffly erect, and licked it around with the tip of her

tongue.

“Ahhn, khhhn, khhhn...”

More than just well-formed, Ansandra’s breasts seemed to be wonderfully sensitive as well. As the thin skin was contained in the woman’s warm mouth and gently tormented through the saliva, she began to gasp for breath.

As she heard the seductive moans of a woman, Lucy grew elated that she was teaching that unsullied girl the pleasures of a woman. Her hands carefully massaged the two breasts, starting from the base, and she moved her mouth back and forth between the two nipples.

This escalated each time and she soon bit lightly on the hardened red fruit.

“Hyah!?”

As Lucy thoroughly massaged her breasts and tormented her nipples, Ansandra arched her back as if to push her chest forward. A bittersweet and pleasant ecstasy ruled her body and her mind drowned in the new sensation.

“Ahh, there’s...something wrong... Lucy...stop... There’s something wrong with me...ahh, no, stop...ah...”

From fingertips to toe tips, Ansandra’s entire body tensed up and convulsions ran along the surface of her snow-white skin.

Her untouched body was even unfamiliar with masturbation, so caressing her breasts seemed to have been enough to bring her to climax. As the extreme tension left her body and mind, she relaxed both physically and mentally and simply sat there with a blank look in her damp eyes.

“You truly are pure, princess.”

Lucy smiled kindly while stroking her beloved princess’s faintly flushed cheek.

“But we are only just getting started. Feel free to cry out in pleasure as much as you want. The sound of the water will prevent anyone outside from hearing us.”

“ ... ”

Ansandra remained silent. That was partially because she could not imagine

what was going to happen next, but it was also due to her body desiring even more pleasure.

For some reason, her lips felt dry, so she licked them with her own tongue. Her throat was also dry, so she swallowed. Her crotch felt funny and she thought she had to pee, so she lifted her butt to adjust her position in the chair.

The series of actions had been nearly subconscious on Ansandra's part, but adjusting her position in the chair had produced a damp feeling that should not have been there.

(You're kidding. Did I wet myself? It can't be...but then why do I feel so wet?)

Unable to believe her own body's reaction, she burned with embarrassment. When Lucy noticed her shock, she reached for the precious skirt that hid the source of the problem.

"Stop."

Ansandra brought her knees together in shock and held the tulip skirt with her hands.

"What's the matter?"

When Ansandra grew stubborn after all this, Lucy smiled confidently.

"Did you wet yourself?"

Ansandra's eyes widened at how easily the woman hit the bullseye and her entire body went limp from the extreme shock and embarrassment.

"How did you know?"

Lucy answered her adorable princess's question while moving aside her limp hands.

"Don't worry. This is not pee. All women get wet when they're horny. It is nothing to be embarrassed about."

She slowly lifted the skirt to reveal the thighs that had limply spread.

She lifted the skirt so that the hem seemed to lick across thighs that almost seemed made of wax and the soaked white underwear finally came into view. That terribly unreliable scrap of cloth was the maiden's last defense.

“Wow, you’re absolutely soaked. You must produce a lot of love juices.”

The girl’s precious hidden lips were faintly visible through the thin and soaked silk and Lucy gently stroked her fingertip across them.

“Eek!?”

Ansandra tried to close her legs on reflex, but she could not. Lucy had already placed her body between the girl’s knees.

“Please forgive me...”

Ansandra felt instinctual fear at not achieving her goal, so the bow-like curves of her thin eyebrows wrinkled, tears welled up in her large eyes, and she pleaded in a barely audible voice.

The expression was unbearably cute.

(Ah. If I was a man, I would never let Domos have her. I would take her away somewhere. And if I couldn’t do that, I would at least want to make her mine, fuck her silly, and break her.)

That bewitching urge raced down Lucy’s spine.

As a born princess, Ansandra’s morning and evening baths, clothing, and menstrual treatment were all handled by several maids, so there was no part of her body that had never been seen by someone else. However, she was afraid and unbearably embarrassed to be exposed to Lucy now.

The knight woman had awoken to lesbianism and a devilish fire burned in her reddish-brown eyes as she reached for the side strings of her beloved princess’s panties. Then she gently removed the wet fabric.

When she saw the faint bit of blonde hair and realized she had finally come this far, Lucy gasped.

Ansandra’s hidden hair was the same glittering gold as the hair on her head and it was both thin and straight. It was not curled at all. It was so light that it fluttered in Lucy’s heated sigh. And at the most important point, it was wet and plastered to her flesh.

“Beautiful. Every last part of you is beautiful.”

Lucy slowly, slowly stroked the hair up and down while observing Ansandra's naked body and she praised the princess from the bottom of her heart.

She was too mature to be called a girl and too childlike to be called a woman. Her still undeveloped body was like the nude body of a fairy.

To provide even more pleasure, Lucy placed Ansandra's long, narrow, and well-formed legs on the chair's armrests and pulled the girl's hips forward.

The embarrassing position exposed the girl's vertical crevice, from which a clear liquid oozed, and her anus, but she obeyed due to her trust in Lucy.

Ansandra had shut her eyes, so she had no idea how lewd a pose she was making.

Because her legs were spread so wide, the normally tightly closed valley had opened slightly, giving a peek of its contents. Lucy was a woman, so a vagina was not a strange thing to her. However, it was her first time viewing someone else's hidden slit. Her arousal only grew as she viewed Ansandra's pink crevice.

Bringing her face in close was enough to feel the aromatic heat and dampness rising from it.

If it looked this wet on the outside, she could guess how wet it was on the inside.

She was itching to fully open the half-opened slit. She placed her fingers, which were slender for a warrior, on either side and gently spread the indecent crevice.

"Ahh..."

The nectar-soaked lips opened with a sticky sound and the brightly colored interior came into view.

Ansandra gasped as that virgin ground was spread wide. Lucy felt like she was viewing a dazzling scene as she peered inside.

"Oh, amazing. Even the inside of your pussy is beautiful, princess."

This had opened the internal flesh which was even wetter than the outer skin and looked similar to an internal organ. It gave off a sense of raw femininity, yet it was pure and beautiful rather than dirty. Overall, it seemed almost divinely

noble.

“Seeing every last part of you is like a dream come true. I’m not even doing anything, yet such pure water is flowing out as if from a spring.”

“Stop that. Why are you being so mean?”

An obscene flash was growing deep inside Ansandra’s body and the juices were throbbing stickily inside her. She was aware of that without being told, so she clenched her fists and struggled like a baby.

“My apologies. It was just such a wonderful sight.”

When she saw the princess’s adorable reaction, Lucy felt like teasing her a little, so she searched through the shallow valley above the deeper valley of that divine slit that produced its clear holy water. As expected, she found a small bump hidden within a thin hood.

That was the princess’s precious pearl. Lucy’s heart pounded in aroused excitement as she wondered how cutely the girl would respond when she touched that sensitive flesh bud. She used her love juice soaked finger to touch the pink pearl wrapped in its hood.

Poke.

“Ahh.”

Poke, poke.

“Hyah, hyah.”

They were only light pokes, but it was an intense sensation for inexperienced Ansandra and her entire body jerked as if an electric current were running through it.

Lucy got carried away, placed her thumb on the heated clitoris, and teased it as if lifting it up.

“Ah, hyah, ah, ah, ahhh.”

Tormented by this concentrated attack on that unimaginably sensitive part, Ansandra squeezed her eyes shut and let out heated moans one after another.

(Eh heh heh. She’s so cute. Her body is at my mercy now.)

Ruled by an extremely selfish desire to have the girl to herself, Lucy's fingers and eyes moved across Ansandra's pussy. From the forest of the swollen hill, to the external lips, below those lips, and to the anus.

That chrysanthemum flower was glistening from all the nectar dripping down from the light red rose. Lucy placed her thumb on the bewitching hole and gently massaged it so it would relax.

"Ahh, that feels good, khh...nn."

A fire had lit inside Ansandra and her entire body had become an erogenous zone, so she reacted sensitively no matter where Lucy touched her.

The princess did not seem to have any fear regarding her anus. Lucy was tempted to stick her finger inside, but she just barely held back. She wanted her memories of the princess to be of her beauty, so it would be best to avoid anything too raw.

Lucy covered her fingers in juices again and returned to the slit decorated with golden hair.

The inside of that hidden slit was truly erotic.

The flesh bead in its hood was as beautiful as a jewel and had a modest sparkle. The smaller swollen pink lips inside the soaked valley were just a little tense and had abandoned their duty to protect what lay below. The purplish hole at the depths of that virgin valley seemed to breathe in embarrassment.

"Amazing, princess. You're...you're so wet. More and more nectar keeps flowing from the spring. You're breathing heavily, princess. You're horny, aren't you? I'm glad you find this pleasurable."

The obscene liquid had been clear before, but it had transformed into a sticky whitish liquid that produced a strong feminine scent.

"Ahh, d-don't say that, don't say that. Eek. You're so mean, Lucy. Eeek. You're so mean. Ah, ah, ahhn..."

Ansandra writhed about as Lucy repeatedly violated her hidden slit with fingers and eyes alike. Lucy imagined what would bring herself pleasure as she stirred up the soft flesh soaked with sexual fluids. Lucy's finger eventually

reached the bottom of the valley. It found the urethra and the small wound-like hole made from twisted flesh in the bottom of the labia.

Ansandra's virgin hole was almost too small to call a hole. It was squeezed tightly shut and trembling.

Lucy gulped. The slightly pearl gray virgin hole looked gentle and modest at first, but a closer look showed it was wriggling as if asking to have something penetrate it.

Lucy told herself again and again she should not do this, but she still slid her little finger into the depths of that heated hidden core and then inside the hole. As pressure reached Ansandra's untouched hole, the finger slipped in up to the first joint, but it did not reach the second joint.

"Ahh, ahh...kh. Ow."

Ansandra cried out as soon as the long and slender little finger moved in two-thirds of the way from the first to the second joint.

Lucy quickly pulled her finger back when she heard it. She had touched the hymen. Ansandra had been moaning in apparent pleasure, but now she was wrinkling her brow and trembling in the aftermath of the intense pain.

"Sorry. I was not trying to hurt you. It seems you are not yet ready for that."

Lucy honestly apologized.

She felt no guilt about possibly damaging or breaking the girl's hymen. It would happen in the near future regardless. A part of her would even have been glad if it had been her, but she lacked the courage to look the pained princess in the eye.

As if to soothe the injured spot, Lucy kissed the bright rose-colored flesh that gave a view of the blood within it.

"Ahhhhn."

Ansandra let out another scream-like cry, but this one was not from pain. It was from pleasure. However, the princess was shocked by what the woman had done.

Lucy had buried her face where the girl peed from, she licked it, and she even

drank the juices coming from it.

“What are you doing!? That’s dirty. That place is unclean. Stop that!”

Ansandra’s light climax quickly cooled and she harshly scolded the woman, but Lucy was not daunted.

“No part of your body is dirty. Every last part of you is beautiful and pure. And it all produces a sweet fragrance and an intoxicating flavor.”

The horny woman had obscene juices around her mouth as she both kindly and happily parted the princess’s swollen and wet wings and stuck her tongue inside the honeypot.

Sensing the love there and feeling the pleasant physical sensation, Ansandra’s frozen heart once more melted with pleasure.

“But that place is dirty. Eek. It’s unclean...ah, heeee, no, khhh, khhh, ahn, ahn...”

Lucy was not even listening to her princess’s embarrassed words as she used her saliva-covered tongue tip to wetly stir up flesh so sensitive it seemed it melted at her touch. She also teased the princess’s erect bead.

“No, no, no. Ahn, ahn, ahn, ahn, ahn...”

Ansandra seemed shocked by the intense stimulation, but it did not hurt her. She moaned cutely like a chirping bird.

Lucy buried her face in the two spread nectar wings and used her long nose and tongue to perform cunnilingus while reaching her hands up to fondle the princess’s breasts.

“Ah, ah, ah. Yes, yes, yes, Lucy. That’s amazing♪But I’m scared. I’m going to break. Ahn, it’s like I’m going to fly away. Ah, ahhhhhhhhh!!!”

At the thorough hand of an adult woman, the girl’s undeveloped body hopelessly tensed, twisted, and sobbed. After one final gasp, she sank into the chair back.

As her naked princess lay back in the wicker chair with her legs immodestly spread, Lucy stood before her and swiftly stripped off her own military uniform.

A gorgeously mature body was revealed in the nude. She did have warrior-like muscles, but she had the exceptional proportions to match. Her breasts were ample white spherical mounds, her stomach was tight, and she had both a solid pelvis and a large heart-shaped butt. She was known as a War Goddess and her divinely beautiful body was worthy of the title.

“Phew...”

Lucy grabbed her own breasts, lightly squeezed the painfully erect chocolate-colored nipples between her fingers, and let out a heated and seductive sigh.

“Ahh, princess. I can’t restrain myself any longer.”

The knight woman’s inner thigh glistened wetly as she picked up her dazed princess and lowered her to the white stone floor.

And as her beloved princess lay on her back, Lucy placed her knees on either side of her head to mount her beautiful face.

“I once gave into temptation and dated a pathetic man, but you are the one I really love, princess. I can’t imagine living without you.”

Lucy kneeled over Ansandra’s face as she groped her own breast with her right hand and fingered her own crotch with her left hand.

Warm drops of thick sex juices fell on Ansandra’s face.

“Ah, ahhh, Lucy, what are you doing?”

When Ansandra came to, she saw a triangle of dark pubic hair. It was bushy and faced wildly in every direction. An adult woman’s hidden lips gaped open beyond it.

Ansandra was shocked and Lucy pleaded her with a lustful voice.

“Please lick it. Lick my pussy like I licked yours.”

Lucy used her own fingers to spread her pussy lips wide and then sat down.

“Ah...”

With the sensitive flesh covering her face, Ansandra could not vocally answer, so she silently parted the thick hair, buried her face in the woman’s crotch, and licked her tongue across the swollen slit.

“Princesssssss... Ah, princess, more, more, more, harder, move your tongue in a circle.”

Lucy was moved that her beloved princess was obeying her instructions, but the girl’s tongue technique was far too immature. It was doubtful she even knew where the clitoris was.

Lucy could tell she was doing her best, but the poor movements of the tongue were not enough to satisfy her. Unable to bear it any longer, Lucy grabbed and massaged her own ample breasts and shoved her hidden land against her beloved princess’s face while moving her hips back and forth.

“Nnn.”

Ansandra moved her tongue desperately, as if she had been possessed. Her face grew soaked with love juices and the long hair got in her eyes, mouth, and nose. She nearly suffocated on Lucy’s crotch and started choking.

“Cough, cough...”

“Sorry, princess.”

Impatient Lucy changed her method. She moved away, lifted up one of Ansandra’s legs, and slid her own leg below.

“Ahhhh...”

Sensitive flesh wet with sticky juices touched sensitive flesh wet with sticky juices and they both cried out in pleasure.



The red shellfish sucked at each other like living creatures. Lucy had finally found a way of gaining satisfactory pleasure.

“Princess, your hands...”

Ansandra realized what Lucy wanted and reached out to embrace the woman’s hips.

“Oh, princess. Your pure pussy is melting together with my filthy pussy.”

“Yes, it feels our bodies are becoming one. Lucy, we will be separated by a short distance, but I will not forget that you are always thinking of me.”

“P-princess. Yes. I will always be your knight. Please carve that into your body so you will never forget it.”

Lucy was so moved that she mindlessly pushed her hips forward again and again.

Vulva rubbed against vulva. Pussy lips kissed pussy lips and pubic hair tangled with pubic hair. Lucy had regretted not having a penis like a man, but now she was glad she did not. Because they were both women, Ansandra had been able to drown in pleasure their first time. Lucy knew firsthand how painful it was for a woman her first time with a man.

(King Lorent of Domos, you will be her first man and her husband. I will never forgive you if anything bad happens to her.)

As they rubbed their sensitive flesh together to achieve endless pleasure and repeated orgasms, Lucy envied a man she had never seen and moved her hips all the more intensely.

Rather than from the summer heat, their bodies grew hot from within and grew coated with sweat.

“Lucy, Lucy, Lucy...”

“Princess, princess, princes...”

They sought each other’s lips, their fingers intertwined, they tightly embraced each other, they caressed each other’s breasts, their hips bumped together, and they felt each other’s body heat in this sweaty act of love. This was their secret. The exchange of female flesh never seemed to end and more and more of their sex juices mixed together.

They had an unspoken understanding that they would never again be able to perform this perverted act, so they lost themselves in it and sought each other’s warmth.

“Lucy... I’ll always love you.”

“Princess... I love you!!”



They had no idea how many times, or how many dozens of times, they came. They simply continued until they collapsed exhausted into each other's arms.

"My, my. What a beautiful princess. Princess Ansandra's beauty had reached our ears even in Domos, but this is quite a shock. You are even more beautiful than the rumors said."

Stephan, an elderly general from Domos, arrived for her with one hundred knights.

He was a pleasant sort of elderly gentleman. He was a well-known general in Domos and had acted as Lorent's tutor in the king's younger days. He was also the Domos-side promoter of this marriage proposal.

Even it was obviously a mere formality, having one's daughter complimented

must have felt nice because Clanaria's King Baldwin smiled.

"She is my precious treasure. Please treat her well."

As a gift, Baldwin had prepared three hundred standard units of prepared silk, three hundred of unprepared silk, three hundred piles of Clanaria's famous wheat and fruits, and three hundred barrels of Lamerise wine.

They were all luxurious gifts meant to show off Clanaria's wealth.

Domos had also sent luxurious gifts: three hundred flying dragon fangs, eight hundred bearskins, three hundred choice pieces of wood from Sulbey, and three hundred jewels from Celeste.

"Hm?"

Ansandra noticed Lucy frown at the list read off by Prime Minister Stuart.

"What is it?"

"Well, Domos is known for its horses and flying dragons. I also thought there would be some weapons included."

She must have been interested in that as a soldier and she seemed surprised that there were none at all.

Ansandra smiled and chided her.

"These are gifts for a wedding, so of course they won't send weapons."

"I suppose not. I thought they were an unrefined people, but apparently even Domos knows how to be thoughtful."

Lucy still found it odd, but she forced herself to accept that explanation.

After the exchange of gifts, Ansandra's journey from her home kingdom began.

Thirty knights and thirty maids came with her and half of those were married couples.

And even if she was Ansandra's favorite, Frangese was left behind due to her young age.

It had been painful seeing the little girl crying over her princess leaving, but

her father Madeley restrained her.

Ansandra stroked Frangese's head to comfort her and then gave her final greeting to her parents before going off to be wed.

"Father, mother. Thank you for your loving care."

"Yes. Take care of yourself. You might get sick if the water does not agree with you."

Even a king and queen had the same feelings as the commoners. Their daughter was marrying into another kingdom, even if it was a neighboring one. Of course they were worried. They had no idea when they would see her again and it was even possible they never would see her again.

"And if you really don't like him, you can come back at any time."

The queen scolded the king for what he whispered to the princess.

"What are you saying, darling? Ansandra, I hear your soon-to-be-husband is quite the lecher, but you will be his wife. Prepare yourself and do not give into jealousy."

"Yes, I understand."

Ansandra nodded at her parents' reassuring words.

"And my dear sister. Please look after father, mother, and Clanaria."

"Of course. Just leave it to me♪"

Virginia cheerfully agreed as a man held her in his arms even in this public ceremony.

That man was Madelene. He was from a well-known noble family and he was Virginia's lover. In the near future, the two would likely marry and he would become an official member of the royal family.

Virginia could not be happier with her lovey-dovey relationship, so it did not seem too painful for her to part ways with her younger sister.

Lucy could not hide her bitter look, but Ansandra was fond of this sister who was so very different from herself.

(This is so like her.)

Then she spoke to the man who would likely be her brother-in-law before long.

“Madelene, take care of my sister.”

“Leave it to me. I am praying for your happiness, Princess Ansandra.”

Lucy absolutely detested him, but the man was seen as a likely candidate for Clanaria’s next king. He looked capable and he gave polite parting words even as he cuddled with Virginia who was indulging in his embrace like a cat.

“I will be going now.”

And thus, Ansandra left her home country for the first time in her life and began her journey to the war-obsessed barbarian kingdom of Domos.

Chapter 2 — Remote Kingdom

“This will be my second home, won’t it?”

After leaving Clanarian territory Ansandra followed a northern road to Domos territory.

Ansandra viewed the passing scenery from the window of a luxurious six-horse carriage and her maid Mimi asked a question from the opposite seat.

“Um, all I see are mountains and more mountains, so what kind of land is Domos?”

A cloud of worry entered Mimi’s adorable and youthful face, so Ansandra responded with a smile.

The girl’s worry was unsurprising. Even in an age of kingdoms struggling for supremacy, Clanaria had been blessed with fertile land and high culture. Mimi had been born and raised in the capital of Curling which was known as the City of White Walls and Flowers, so she was shocked to see only a series of precipitous mountains and nothing else. The land of Domos appeared unimaginably empty to her.

“Domos exists on the northernmost end of the continent, but current Domos territory has spread quite far. Their current king, Lorent, has conquered the Celeste and Sulbey regions as well.”

“Yes, I have heard their territory is larger even than Clanaria’s,” energetically answered Mimi.

“But all three regions are poor lands that are covered in ice for nearly half the year. Clanaria’s population is greater than all three of them combined.”

Mimi shrank down as she learned even more worrying facts. Ansandra found it so adorable she had to smile.

And that smile drew another question from Mimi.

“Then what do the people of Domos do for a living?”

“The people in the region have long raised horses and flying dragons. They were eventually united to form the Domos Kingdom. Even if they try to cultivate the icy land, they cannot grow many crops, so life is always difficult. That is why they so readily resort to war and taking territory from others.”

Mimi breathed a somber sigh at her master’s hopeless words. And then another worry occurred to her.

“Um...there won’t be any bandits, will there?”

“That you don’t need to worry about.”

This brigade was meant for Clanaria’s Second Princess Ansandra, so 30 Clanarian knights and 30 of Ansandra’s personal maids were accompanying them. 100 knights had also come to meet them from Domos.

They had 130 fully-equipped knights. Including the laborers, they had nearly 1000 people. It was unknown how many bandits were hiding nearby, but this would be enough to dissuade them from attacking.

“But there are bandits here, aren’t there? The bodyguard knights were really on edge because they tend to attack around here. Ahhh, I can’t believe I’m in a land like this.”

Mimi was truly feeling down, but her behavior was somewhat amusing. There was always something humorous about her, so Ansandra never grew tired of watching her.

That merchant’s daughter was the same age as Ansandra, so they were often together.

“It is a formidable land, but it is well worth cultivating. If Clanaria’s techniques work well, it can be remade into a powerful kingdom.”

Ansandra gave a more optimistic appraisal to clear away her favorite maid’s worries, but her own words sank her into the spring of thought.

It was indeed a kingdom with great latent possibility for development.

Domos itself was nothing but a rusty red wasteland, but Celeste and Sulbey had not seemed so bad when they had passed through them on the way.

Sulbey bordered Clanaria and it was a land of conifer trees, so it would be an

excellent source of wood. Their wood was highly valued even in Clanaria. And when an area ran out of wood, it could be cultivated to create a fairly fertile land.

Celeste was a mountainous region and not well blessed with crops, but silver could be mined there. And a greater search was sure to turn up more mineral resources. Finding magic metals or jewels would be ideal, but that might be setting her hopes too high. It already produced plenty of craftworks and most of the jewelry Domos had given her as gifts had come from there. By protecting that land and allowing it to grow, they were sure to produce even greater exports.

Domos could be built into as prosperous a land as Clanaria and she doubted anyone would take offense if she asked for technological assistance from her home kingdom. After all, that was the only real benefit Domos received from her marriage. And after teaching them what she could, Ansandra intended to get involved in their politics.

That was the real reason she had barely resisted being married off to a terrible-sounding man just because she was a woman.

Her husband did not matter. She was more interested in doing whatever work she could.

Clanaria had nearly grown stagnant as a kingdom and she was restricted by her position as princess, so there was little room for her to be useful there. But in a developing kingdom like Domos, she was sure to have a chance to show her skill as queen. She might have looked like a doll, but she was fairly ambitious.

Loath to interrupt her master's thoughts, Mimi had been silently viewing the scenery, but she suddenly cried out.

"Wah! That's a wild flying dragon. I knew Domos produced them and horses, but there's a whole bunch of them, like a flock of birds."

Several dragons flew by with the perpetual snow glittering like diamonds on the tall peaks of the mountains in the background.

Flying dragons were ill-tempered creatures and they were omnivores just like humans. They would eat tree bark if need be, but they mostly satisfied their

voracious hungers with livestock and crops. Their sharp fangs and claws would crush a cow's skull in a single blow and they would even eat the bones. And they would even eat humans. However, someone who knew how to handle flying dragons would only be eaten by one if they were very unlucky.

The wild ones primarily ate wild horses. Domos horses were short and had thick, stumpy legs. They were the ugliest on the continent, but the powerful legs and hips they used to run along the mountain slopes allowed them to carry twice the burden of normal horses and their teeth could easily bite through a human arm. If a flying dragon grew careless, it was not unheard of for them to be killed by a kick and a bite. That made them monsters that surpassed the standard image of an herbivore.

And the soldiers of a kingdom surrounded by those tremendous wild animals would of course be strong. Soldiers of remote regions were always strong, and the strength of Domos's soldiers had long been spoken of. But similar rumors had been told of the soldiers of the similarly remote kingdoms of Celeste and Sulbey.

But due to their small populations, their habit of killing each other in local conflicts, and their unattractive land, no one had ever challenged those powerful kingdoms and they had been allowed to exist in peace.

But then King Lorent had ascended to the throne in Domos. He had used his powerful soldiers, flying dragons, and unruly horses to their fullest and successfully united the three kingdoms.

"It's been three years since he took the throne. That conqueror took those three kingdoms for himself in no time. I wonder what kind of man he is."

While thinking of the brutal nature of the kingdom and viewing the desolate scenery, Ansandra reviewed what she knew of her soon-to-be-husband.

He was 23. He had ascended to the throne after murdering his mediocre father. His father was officially said to have died of illness so he could smoothly take the throne as crown prince, but given the cruel personality and major change in kingdom policy he had demonstrated afterwards, the murder of his father was likely true.

As king of Domos, Lorent had enriched his kingdom by pillaging other

kingdoms. He had started by conquering the mountain kingdom of Celeste, moved on to conquer the kingdom of Sulbey at the entrance to the central plain, and had united the three kingdoms in no time at all. He had walked the path of a true conqueror and it had been decorated by trickery, flames, and the screams of women and children. With the help of their excellent leader, the people of Domos had raised up their kingdom and become a band of robbers.

He was a lecher and was said to be fond of women with singular talent. He was satisfied with a simple diet. He was an expert horseback rider and swordsman and he preferred to command from the lead on the battlefield.

His flag was black with a yellow border and with a legendary divine wolf in the center. After conquering two kingdoms under that flag, he had become the daring king feared as the Starving Wolf of the North.

“Such magnificent scenery.”

In contrast to worried Mimi, Ansandra felt some fearful awe but held mostly ambition and hope for her new life.

“Princess, that is the Domos royal capital of Fenrir.”

Stephan, who had been charged with guiding the group, brought his horse alongside the crystal frame Ansandra was looking through.

“That is?”

When she saw the royal capital, she was unsure how to express herself and fell silent.

A mountain castle was surrounded by tall and thick walls. It lacked any elegance and looked more like a fortress than a royal capital, but it also seemed entirely appropriate.

As they approached the castle gate, that impression only grew. Clanaria’s royal castle in Curling had an artistic design to the white walls surrounding it, but these walls were entirely functional. In fact, she could see arrows sticking into them in places and there were scars of damage from magic bullets.

When he noticed the Clanaria group looking up at the castle walls in shock,

Stephan explained.

“This damage was done during the battle with Celeste’s army. That was a daring kingdom. They besieged the castle for three months and made attacks day after day and night after night. But we holed up inside to endure the attacks and waited until the perfect moment for a night attack with our entire army. We achieved total victory in that single night. It is said more than a thousand heads were taken in that battle.”

Ansandra had heard about that too. Lorent had mounted his favorite horse and wielded a large sword as he rode out front, swiftly cut down five enemy knights, and increased his troops’ morale.

That battle had put the attackers on the run and the Domos army had not rested as they kept up the attack on Celeste territory. They had used a dreadful scorched earth tactic of plundering, fire-setting, and rape to drag down Celeste’s power as a kingdom and ultimately destroyed them before they could recover.

Ansandra heard a loud flapping from the opposite window frame.

“Old Stephan, is that the doll I’ve been hearing about?”

Ansandra turned toward that flippant voice and saw a woman gliding alongside the carriage on a black-skinned flying dragon.

Her sand-colored eyes gave off a dangerous light, her red ponytail blew in the powerful wind, and her brown-tanned skin gave her a wild look.



“Flying Dragon General, she is to be our queen. You should step down and greet her!”

The woman playfully ignored Stephan’s scolding.

“Don’t be like that. Oh? So you’re little Ansandra. You’ve got a pretty face, but you’re still just a kid. I’m Naja. Nice to meet you.”

“ ... ”

Mimi had immediately hid on the carriage’s floor with her hands over her head.

She had no intent whatsoever of protecting her master. Of course, if Mimi could stop something, it would not be a threat in first place. This just showed she knew her place, but it allowed Ansandra and Naja to silently stare at each other.

Ansandra was shocked to get such a close-up view of a flying dragon with its brutal-looking face and its ferocious fangs and claws, but she was simply stunned by Naja's clothing.

She only wore two skin-tight pieces of leather that left her bodylines exposed. The top resembled a vest that left her cleavage entirely visible and the bottom was only a loincloth-like pair of panties that left her hipbones and butt cheeks bare.

Ansandra had been raised and educated as a lady, so she could not imagine appearing in public dressed like that.

And even if it was midsummer, dressing like that in chilly Domos was insane.

(Virginia's clothing was often criticized by the courtiers, but this makes hers look obedient in comparison.)

Naja's outfit had dumbfounded the proper princess, but she had a reason for wearing that.

Even for a flying dragon, a human was a large burden to bear. If heavy armor was added to that, they would only be able to fly very short distances. And when a great beast with a wingspan of more than ten meters flew in the open sky, there was a great risk of being hit by arrows. If they flew slowly along at low altitudes, they would be turned into a pincushion. By keeping as light as possible, they could fly farther and more nimbly, which was useful in combat. The cold could be dealt with by wearing a magic jewel with heating magic sealed inside.

"Well, until we meet again, princess."

Naja gave a sarcastic smile as she kicked the dragon's belly and pulled on the reins.

It flapped up into the sky to regroup with the others waiting above.

"That must have been a shock. Domos is a remote kingdom, so our women can be somewhat rough around the edges. Please be forgiving."

"O-of course... But Clanarian women can be rough around the edges too. And she appeared quite brave. I feel like I just saw Domos's militaristic spirit."

Stephan spoke up in his worry that a negative impression could get in the way of the political marriage, but Ansandra kindly answered and added “like Lucy” in her heart.

“Thank you for making this long journey.”

It was not King Lorent who awaited Ansandra at the royal palace’s entrance. Instead, it was a woman in her thirties whose chestnut hair was worn up tightly enough for the comb lines to remain and who wore dull silver and bluish-green court clothes so impeccably she seemed to be using her entire body to show off how capable she was.

“My name is Dominic. I was asked to take care of you, princess. It is a pleasure to meet you.”

“So you are Dominic. I have heard about you. No one is closer to King Lorent and you are very talented in both political and military matters. I am Ansandra. It is a pleasure to meet you as well.”

Even if it was a political marriage...no, because it was a political marriage, they both had to uphold their kingdom’s honor. A stir ran through Ansandra’s followers because it seemed rude to not be met by the king when his bride had made such a long journey, but Ansandra herself kept the dissatisfaction from her face and smiled at the king’s favorite retainer.

Dominic had the look of a government official and there was nothing particularly charming about her face, but she was definitely beautiful. While she was skinny, her breasts were ample enough to be noticeable through her plain clothing. In fact, Ansandra was somewhat worried that the perfect straightness of her back would cause the chest of the clothes to tear.

Ansandra was confident in her face and figure, but her breasts were average for her age.

She knew they were bound to grow in the future, but she still felt inferior in front of someone with truly gigantic breasts. And knowing how lustful her future husband Lorent was said to be, she could be almost certain that this aide was also one of his mistresses.

“Now, allow me to guide you to your room. I am sure you are exhausted after your journey, so you can meet His Majesty tomorrow. Please relax and enjoy yourself tonight.”

Ansandra thought she saw a cold and almost mocking smile in Dominic’s hollow cheeks and emerald eyes, but she told herself she was just being self-conscious.

Dominic had apparently prepared them a feast, so Ansandra, her maids, and her knights attended.

Dominic was there to meet them and her thin and less-than-charming lips rose in a smile as she spoke less formally than before.

“We have to make sure the princess can bear a healthy child, so I have prepared a dinner full of vitality.”

Ansandra politely and embarrassedly blushed at that suggestive statement, but she was dumbfounded when she saw the food.

The table was crammed full of shocking dishes: raw horse meat dripping with blood and flavored with various herbs and mushrooms, a toxically red soup of flying dragon testicles, steamed flying dragon eggs that had been near hatching, baby flying dragons roasted whole, sausages made from stuffing flying dragon intestine with horse meat, flying dragon ovaries cooked in salt, horse milk wine, dragon blood wine, *etc.*

“I don’t know if it will be to your liking, but this is Domos’s local cuisine. Please, try it.”

Ansandra did not see herself as a picky eater, but she was hesitant to consume this repulsive food.

But it would have been rude not to, so she reluctantly brought it to her mouth.

The flavor was not bad, but it was all very strongly flavored. And the tough meat wore out her jaw, so she expected to have a stomachache the next morning.

It was only later that Ansandra realized this was Dominic’s indirect way of

harassing her.

The exhaustion from her long trip demanded she sleep, so she decided to wait until the following day to sort out her thoughts. She soaked in her room's bath with some help from her maids and she fell fast asleep as soon as she climbed under the pure white sheets.

The next day, Ansandra woke to the chirping of birds.

Her young body was fully recovered from her exhaustion and she did not have a stomachache as she had feared.

When the princess got up, she was offered an aromatic tea that was not too hot to burn her tongue. The tea contained spices from the tropical kingdom of Oneill. It was a clear greenish brown, had a nice sweet aroma, and provided the perfect hint of bitterness.

"Mmm, delicious♪"

Ansandra wore a luxurious negligee and she looked elegant even straight out of bed.

"Princess, the bath is ready."

The trusted maids who had accompanied her from Clanaria removed her bedclothes and she soaked in a bathtub of nicely warm water. A sweet and sour smelling herb from her home kingdom had been dissolved in the bath.

Up to this point, her morning was no different than in the Clanarian royal palace. But...

"Sigh. So this beautiful skin will finally belong to a gentleman."

When Mimi spoke emotionally while washing Ansandra's back, the other maids snapped back at her.

"We don't know that for sure yet."

"That's right. If the king here is a bad match for the princess, we shall return to the kingdom at once. The princess's beautiful silky skin does not exist for some ugly man."

The maids spoke excitedly as they washed Ansandra's white skin.

After receiving the maids' words of praise and having the filth thoroughly scrubbed from her body, she left the tub. Her jewel-like skin was now and dyed an aromatic pink.

"Princess, allow me to comb your hair."

"Princess, allow me to do your nails."

Ansandra's preparations were not complete with just the morning bath. The maids noisily but swiftly surrounded her and polished her.

Their master was finally to meet her destined partner, so of course they were working extra hard.

As the maids served her, Ansandra grew nervous. She was going to meet the leader of the savages. She seriously doubted it, but she worried he would be a brainless man made of pure muscle who had not bathed for days and who had yellow teeth.

She shuddered as she imagined the world's worst savage man.

She had not been expecting much from her husband, but it was only human to hope for someone who met the bare minimum of respectability.

Her father had told her she could return if she did not like him, but she knew that was not really an option. She grimly told herself this was her duty as a royal.

After she ate a light breakfast prepared by her maids, the maids began decorating her.

The dark red dress they put on her was of the latest design from her home kingdom. She was a bit embarrassed that it left her shoulders and back bare, but it was a lovely garment that somewhat mixed intelligence and purity and it casually used a lot of jewels and gold or silver thread. Clanaria's king must have wanted to provide the greatest luxury if he was sending his daughter off to be wed.

Ansandra thanked her father and Dominic appeared precisely at the promised time. The woman was impeccably dressed and she led Ansandra away after

they exchanged a hollow and perfunctory greeting.

“I will show you to His Majesty. Oh, please have your maids wait here.”

The maids voiced their protest out of concern for their master, but Ansandra stopped them.

“That is fine. I will be back soon, so you all wait here.”

If she was to marry into the Domos royal family, it only made sense to obey their customs.

Dominic gave an almost hatefully polite bow to the loyal maids who were worried despite their master’s determination.

“This is merely an informal greeting and not an official ceremony, so please relax and wait here. Now, princess, please come with me.”

Ansandra did not know her way around the royal palace, so she followed Dominic. They walked down a plain stone hallway, passed by a few rooms, and finally walked through a thick door.

They were inside the dining hall where the previous night’s dinner had been held. A table large enough for around 100 people was covered with a white tablecloth and three silver candlesticks were placed on top at even intervals.

Dominic came to a stop there.

“...?”

Ansandra was confused why they would be in the dining hall, but she waited in silence. Dominic suddenly turned around with a menacing look in her eyes.

“What? Is there something on my face?”

Ansandra flinched as the woman’s face drew close and stared at her with deep green eyes that contained a dull light.

“I doubt you will like this, but I must perform a search before you may meet His Majesty.”

She was still being polite, but a cruel smile was plastered on her clever face.

“What...?”

Ansandra could not figure out what this woman was saying.

It was hard to tell what a lot of important retainers were thinking. For example, Clanaria's Prime Minister Stuart was always wrinkling his brow in a look of displeasure. King Baldwin was the opposite because he was always smiling and saying nice things, but he was also willing to use his own daughter as a political tool.

"His Majesty has many enemies, so there are many women who attempt to sneak a blade in when they meet him."

"Um~, what are you telling me to do...?"

Ansandra was hesitant because she could not figure out what this woman was asking, but then Dominic's tone of voice completely changed.

"Hurry it up, you whore!"

That change from overly polite to insulting left Ansandra feeling angry.

"Oh, dear. Did I hurt your feelings? Does the poor little girl who was sold by her father and her kingdom think she has any right to an opinion?"

Dominic maintained her cruel smile and dug her reddish-purple manicured nails into Ansandra's cheeks to distort her lovely face.

"What are you doing, Miss Dominic...?"

Ansandra could not figure out what was happening to her, so she spoke up in protest. But Dominic's abuse was not over yet. She then grabbed Ansandra's breasts through her dress.

"Such small breasts. King Lorent likes them big. He hates young brats."

"Kh..."

Ansandra's face twisted in pain as her growing breasts were mercilessly groped.

She was then pressed face-down against the giant table. Her feet were on the floor, her upper body was on the table, and her butt stuck out behind her.

"A woman with a grudge against a man always hides their weapon in the same place."

A ton of joy entered Dominic's voice as she pressed Ansandra's arms against the table with her left hand and used her right hand to pull up Ansandra's frilly pink and dark red skirt.

This revealed the corset around her waist, the garter belt that held up the stockings which reached partway up her thighs, and the pure white panties in the center.

"P-please stop this..."

The young girl attempted to resist, but Dominic held her down and pulled down her panties with a cruel twist to her lips.

This bared a butt as soft as a freshly-peeled hardboiled egg.

Dominic tilted her head and peered down at the girl's pussy.

"My, what a cute little bush. It's only just started growing in, hasn't it? You really are just a kid, aren't you? A little kid who was brought here for strategic reasons. I wonder if he will ever even bother touching you."

"Wha-? You have no right to say anything!"

Even Ansandra raised her voice at this disgrace.

"Oh, I'm so sorry. Did you hear that, princess? I was only talking to myself. I accidentally let the truth slip out. Please forgive me."

Ansandra was daunted by how brazenly Dominic said such cruel things.

"My, your mons pubis is well developed. As is your pussy itself. You have the makings of a slut."

Ansandra gave a start at the word "slut".

Then Dominic placed her right hand on the girl's crotch and used her index and middle fingers to spread the lips. She gave the contents an ice-cold look and a derisive snort.

"Hmph."

Ansandra's most embarrassing place was being viewed and mocked. Was there any greater humiliation?

Tears welled up in her eyes and she gave a shout.

“Do you have any idea what you’re doing? I am Ansandra, Princess of Clanaria. I was officially sent here by my kingdom. The formal ceremony has not been held yet, but is this any way to treat your future queen!? Mocking me is the same as mocking Clanaria!”

“Like I care.”

As Ansandra wielded her authority like it was an heirloom sword, Dominic only smiled coldly.

Her confidence made Ansandra shudder.

If this was fueled by Dominic’s jealousy, that would be one thing. But what would it mean if Lorent had approved this?

Instead of using the political marriage with Clanaria to bind a military alliance and a trade treaty, wouldn’t that mean Domos was using Ansandra in a plot to attack Clanaria?

She tried to think about that possibility, but she had a frightening difficulty thinking while a woman toyed with her hidden slit for unknown reasons.

“S-stop this. Do you intend to destroy the bridge of peace between Domos and Clanaria!?”

“Make no mistake, princess. This is nothing more than a search for weapons.”

With that shameless excuse, Dominic gave her a cruel look and disinterestedly plucked at her flower petals. That soft flesh was dry with fear, so the stimulus brought dull pain rather than pleasure.

“Ahh...”

“There does not appear to be anything on the surface. But I still need to check inside.”

Dominic placed her right middle finger on the entrance to the princess’s vagina.

“Y-you can’t mean it...ah.”

Ansandra shook as Dominic mercilessly stuck her finger inside.

“Oh, dear. Apparently you still have your hymen. Eh heh heh. In Domos, only

priestesses and holy women see any value in their virginity. In fact, virgins at your age are looked down on as ugly.”

“Ah, ahhh...”

Not even Lucy had inserted anything here. However, even a virgin had enough space for a woman’s slender finger. Otherwise, their period blood would have nowhere to escape.

Ansandra’s body stiffened from the dull pain and Dominic shoved her middle finger further inside her vagina.

“I suppose you wouldn’t be able to hide a weapon in here. But...it never hurts to be sure.”

Dominic rubbed her finger around as if checking for something.

“Ah...no, stop.”

Ansandra trembled from the anxiety of having a foreign object in that unknown tunnel, but the woman pushed her finger all the way inside.

The little bird of a girl clung to the white tablecloth as she bore with the humiliation, but her eyes widened as she was overcome by an unexpected feeling.

(Wh-what...is this feeling!?)

She was assaulted by pleasure rather than pain. And it was a type of pleasure she had never felt before.





In her shock and confusion, her lower body tingled and she desperately resisted the desire to let it all loose.

Having someone she disliked toying with her pussy was humiliation enough, but she trembled as she felt even greater shame approaching.

She resisted for a while, but once she was unable to bear it any longer, she pleaded with Dominic.

“No...Ahh, please stop this, ah...I think I’m going to...wet myself...”

As Ansandra was overcome by a dreadfully obscene feeling, beads of sweat poured from her forehead and her blonde bangs stuck to her skin.

She was being fingered in the so-called G-spot, but she lacked the knowledge to know what was happening.

Dominic looked down at her with glassy eyes as she mercilessly pumped her

middle finger in and out of the ignorant princess's virgin hole.

"Ah, I-I'm going to..."

The princess's doll-like body shook violently, but the resistance driven by her pride as a princess only increased her pure carnal humiliation.

"Ahh, ahh...Lucyyyyyyyyyy!!!"

Ansandra's resistance gave out as she called the name of the knight she most trusted.

As her butt stuck out like a shiny boiled egg, the dining hall floor was dirtied by the clear liquid that sprayed forcefully and horizontally out from the small hole just in front of the one Dominic was fingering.

"Ahhhhh..."

Her body went limp as she experienced a humiliating climax that sharply contrasted with the joyous climax of being one with Lucy.

As the princess collapsed onto the table, Dominic pulled her finger out and tilted her head while wiping the fluid from the finger like it was dirty.

"Lucy? Isn't that the famous knight officer known as a War Goddess and the daughter of General Albare? Come to think of it, I had heard she was your good friend."

Dominic laughed as something occurred to her.

"Oh, dear. Princess, you and that woman were fucking, weren't you? Two women licking at each other like cats? Disgusting. And you call yourself a pure princess?"

The princess was beautifully dressed up like a doll, but she was lying on the large table with her frilly skirt pulled up and her white ass exposed. And her lower body was soaking wet.

The scene could not have been more aesthetic, but Dominic did not see it that way in the slightest.

"Come on now, you piss-soaked lesbian virgin princess. It is time to meet His Majesty. You don't have time to change into new panties, so you will have to go

like this.”

Dominic was annoyed, but she still pulled off the princess’s urine-soaked panties and wiped off her wet lower body with a corner of the tablecloth.

But that was the extent of the cleanup. Ansandra was still in a daze as she was forced to her feet.

Chapter 3 — The Conqueror's Queen

“You are Domos King Lorent...?”

Ansandra was in a stupor as Dominic pulled on her hand and guided her to a dimly-lit room with magic orbs floating in it. She was mercilessly thrown inside.

The Princess thought her mind would burn out from the humiliating treatment, but she realized she had been thrown onto a red carpet thick enough to bury her hands.

Once she realized what that meant, she looked up.

As she lay collapsed on the floor, she saw a large man sitting in a large chair.

She had never been here before, but she could tell this was the audience chamber.

That had to be the royal throne.

She received a short response to her question.

“Yes...”

She shuddered at the cold tone and focused her eyes.

The man sitting solidly in the sturdy-looking throne was resting his head in his hand and his upper body was entirely bare. His lower body was hidden by a gorgeous scarlet blanket.

(This is my husband...)

Any woman would be interested in the man who was to be her husband. Ansandra did not have it in her to get up from the floor, but she did stare at the man.

He was nothing like she had expected, but there were some similarities in a good way.

He was a wild-looking and muscular man who gave off a manly scent.

He had a masculine face, sharp eyes, a somewhat pointed chin, a thick neck, broad shoulders, a solid chest, and the height to match. He had a well-balanced build.

His body could be perfectly compared to tempered steel.

Ansandra gulped and could not stop staring. Her cheeks visibly flushed and a surge of electricity seemed to run through her entire body.

But this was not the embarrassment of a girl seeing the opposite sex naked (or at least shirtless) for the first time. She was overwhelmed by the aura of ambition this strange man gave off.

It may have been similar to the emotion felt upon seeing a masterpiece painting.

The large sword casually placed by his side likely contained some powerful magic and had spilled the blood of countless men.

That sinister sword spoke to the truth of his alleged deeds.

He was frightening. He would crush any who opposed him, even if they were family. There were dark rumors that he had killed his own father to ascend to the throne, and the intensity Ansandra felt made her think they might just be true. At the same time, she sensed a wicked attraction that left people with no choice but to follow him.

(A conqueror...? Is this a conqueror!? Is this what a conqueror looks like?)

Ansandra trembled as she felt her skin crawl and she heard a calm woman's voice from behind.

"This is Clanaria's 2nd Princess Ansandra. As you can see, she is beautiful, but I believe her body would better be described as skinny than slender."

The hateful voice belonged to Dominic.

Ansandra was immediately snapped back into reality.

"She might appear strong-willed on the surface, but she is a sheltered princess at the core. She seems to have been sleeping with Lucy, the daughter of her kingdom's General Albare, but her body is undeveloped. She seems fairly inexperienced even in masturbation. She has abundant sexual juices and very

little pubic hair. Her pussy flesh's color is a little pale. Based on my investigation, she is undoubtedly a virgin."

This topic made Ansandra feel terribly unpleasant and she wanted to raise her voice and stop the woman, but thanks to her sexual inexperience, she felt like Dominic had a weakness to use against her after she was given such great pleasure and even peed at the end.

"A virgin..."

After listening to his aide's sick report, Lorent repeated the final term and did not sound particularly interested. That lack of energy sounded to Ansandra like he too thought Dominic's report went too far.

"If she is not to your liking, should we kill her and send her back? Or should we use her as a fucktoy for the soldiers?"

The young king shook his head at Dominic's eager suggestion. At the same time, the blanket over his lap moved. He must have crossed his legs.

The wild man looked arrogantly down at the girl on the red carpet and thoroughly observed her body.

Ansandra tensed when she realized he was appraising her.

Inside the red dress of the finest silk, her bust was indeed small, but her long blonde hair, her shiny white skin, the smooth line from her neck to her shoulders, and her perfectly defined collarbones were blessed with plenty of feminine beauty. She was a beautiful girl who would undoubtedly grow into a beautiful woman.

Ansandra had never had a man looking at her so crudely before. His sanpaku eyes contained the light of great ambition that made him undeniably sexy and forced her to focus on his sexuality.

"Dominic. I know you are aware I must permanently control Clanaria and its fertile lands if I am to make my ambition a reality. That makes this princess invaluable to me. I must tame her and have her dedicate both her body and soul to me."

That blunt utilitarian comment told Ansandra that this political marriage had

been a trap.

But strangely, she was not surprised. She had had her suspicions after Dominic revealed her true nature and she had sensed something dangerous in Lorent that told her he might just do that.

She tensed with nerves and the young king smiled at her.

“Now, allow me to introduce myself. I am Domos King Lorent. Welcome to my kingdom, Princess of Clanaria, my bride. I was prepared to love you no matter how ugly you were, but that seems to have been rude of me. I have never seen a woman so beautiful. You I can love from the heart.”

Ansandra was irritated by his blatant lies, so she finally stood up.

She fixed her skirt, put her hands on her hips, and replied with bold sarcasm.

“Yes, I could really sense your noble love in the entire situation here.”

Now that her suspicions had been confirmed, she felt free to treat this like enemy territory.

If they were going to kill her, that was fine by her. Misfortune was common in political marriages, so she steeled herself for the worst. She would meet an end she could be proud of.

“So this is a princess from the great plain kingdom of Clanaria. You have some fire in your belly for such a young girl. Heh heh heh. At least this should be interesting.”

Lorent followed Ansandra’s lead and stood up.

As he did, the blanket fell from his lap.

“...!?”

Ansandra was so shocked that her show of courage was stripped away and she covered her face with her hands. That may have been the sad habit of a maiden raised as a proper lady.

The fact that she carefully observed him from between her fingers was a sign of a shaken maiden’s heart caught between embarrassment and curiosity.

She saw something sitting between Lorent’s thighs.

(Eh! What? A cat? No, it's too big... That's a person...a woman!?)

A nude woman was hidden there with her face buried in Lorent's crotch.

The naked woman was down on all fours like an animal and she had her face in close to the man's hips, but then she gave a provocative look back toward Ansandra.

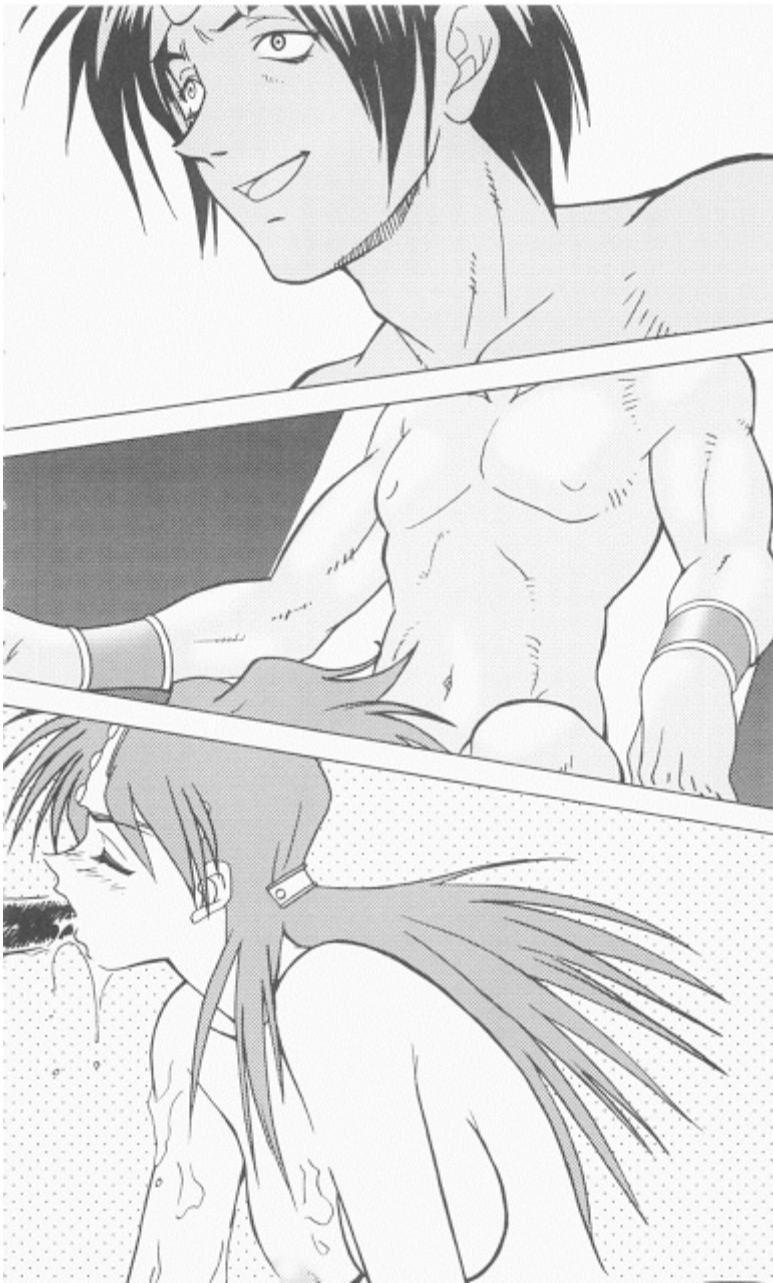
Ansandra recognized the sand-colored eyes that contained an odd mix of superiority and lust.

It was the woman who had greeted her from the flying dragon the day before. That warrior woman had a red ponytail and her brown skin had been barely covered by an indecent outfit.

But she outdid yesterday's indecency by having stripped bare today.

She also had her face buried in the man's crotch and her round butt lifted up high to give Ansandra a clear view of her feminine flower garden dripping with thick nectar.





“!?”

Ansandra had seen Lucy’s pussy, but seeing that part of a woman she had barely met left her unsure where to look.

“That’s enough, Naja. Move back.”

Naja looked up at Lorent in protest, but once she knew he was not going to change his mind, she nodded in resignation and looked back at Ansandra once more. She gave the girl a mocking look and produced an obscenely wet sound while spitting out the object filling her mouth.

“!?”

The woman smugly watched the virgin princess’s eyes widen in shock as the glistening rod of flesh gradually left her red lips.

“Heh heh.”

Naja laughed at her rival in the competition over the single cock. Once the penis fully left her mouth, she leaned back and took a deep breath.

The flesh rod sprang upwards.

The thick and clearly-shaped cock was perfectly matched to Lorent's large yet well-proportioned body. Ansandra instinctively understood what it was.

(Th-that is his symbol of masculinity?)

She had left her home to be wed, so some of the older court ladies had casually given her some sexual knowledge. But seeing one for herself frightened her.

(It's big. It's too big. Is that really supposed to go inside me...?)

As Ansandra stared at that unbelievable sight, Naja continued to kneel at the man's feet, held the glistening penis in both hands, and lovingly rubbed her cheek against it.

"Your Majesty, please let me have this before you take the new girl. I'll go crazy if you make me wait~"

Lorent smiled bitterly at her sweet-voiced plea and he rubbed her red hair as he answered.

"I'm always showing you my love, so have some patience. Today I must tame this girl and have her fall for me."

"You're so mean!"

Naja wrinkled her nose and protested, but she obediently let go of Lorent's penis.

When she stood up, she turned out to be surprisingly short. She was only as tall as Ansandra, if not a little shorter. But she had a healthy body full to bursting with vitality, her shoulders were broader, and her entire body was thicker front to back.

Her voluptuous naked body was flushed with lust and Ansandra through she looked like the pretty but ill-tempered cats that lived in the jungles of the southern kingdom of Ranchero.

“I’ll let Her Majesty the Queen have you today, but don’t forget to make up for this later.”

Naja placed plenty of sarcasm in the title “Her Majesty the Queen” and her sand-colored eyes swept across Ansandra’s body.

Then she straightened her own back as if to show off her ample breasts and angrily walked out of the audience chamber while making sure to jiggle the butt swelling out below her slender waist.

Glistening love juices dripped down her thick and muscular inner thighs. This should have been shameful for a woman, so her bold behavior was incomprehensible to Ansandra.

“Dominic. I have no need for you today either. I will be busy with my bride.”

After receiving her master’s instructions, that mistress elegantly and politely bowed just like a consummate government official.

“That girl is an enemy, so who knows how she might be plotting to harm you. I apologize, but I would prefer to remain by your side.”

“Do as you wish.”

Lorent smiled bitterly at her stiff way of speaking and gave his approval without showing any real displeasure.

Then he looked at Ansandra again.

“Sorry about the wait, my bride. We have never met before and we are only marrying for the sake of our kingdoms. We have no love for each other now, but love can be built.”

“Love can be built?”

Hearing this man speak of love felt like an insult to the goddess of love.

“Yes, we can start building love between us with an act meant for husband and wife.”

The dangerous man slowly walked over in the nude and with his penis erect.

Ansandra was overwhelmed by instinctual fear and she tried to run away.

But Lorent noticed, so he swiftly grabbed the fleeing lamb’s left wrist and

pulled her into his chest.

“What are you doing? This is cruel!”

Ansandra struggled, but she could not gather any strength as he embraced her slender shoulders and pulled her up onto her toes.

Lorent whispered coldheartedly into her ear.

“I hate virgins. All they do is wail and they are so boringly identical. A woman suited to be a king’s pillow must be like an offering to a god: familiar with men and able to pleasure and soothe him. Only then can we achieve equal pleasure. That is the sign of a woman fit for a king.”

“Then go find a woman like that. Don’t get me involved.”

Ansandra’s usual elegance was gone as she struggled like any young girl, but there was nothing she could do.

“That I can’t do, Princess of Clanaria. To me, you are as great a treasure as a mountain of gold. Domos’s future greatly depends on you.”

Lorent moved his face in close.

Ansandra lowered her head to escape, but that brought his glistening manhood into view.

“No.”

When she quickly raised her head to drive that sinister thing from view, he grabbed her slender chin and stole her lips.

Her large blue eyes opened in surprise and she realized how an herbivore must feel when caught by a carnivore without warning. There was nothing she could do. She would be devoured.

Lorent brushed up Ansandra’s bangs and licked across her lips before pinching her upper lip between his lips. Then he went for a full kiss. Their mouths opened and pressed together in a deep kiss where they inhaled each other’s breaths.

It was powerful, supple, and arousing. He seemed to know exactly what to do. His tongue moved every which way. He was far more skilled and wild than Lucy,

who (thinking back) had been somewhat awkward.

(Ahh, why...? This forced kiss feels so good.)

She had only just met him, so she of course felt no love for him. In fact, he scared her and made her tremble, but she felt strength leaving her body as he kissed her.

“Nn, nn, mhh...”

Ansandra fell into a daze as she let him kiss her, but then she sensed Dominic’s gaze on her cheek.

That brilliant woman still kept any expression from her face, but a light of crazed jealousy burned in her deep green eyes.

When she noticed that, the girl felt an odd joy and sense of superiority in her chest.

It was a long kiss, but after he seemed to have licked across every bit of her mouth, it finally ended.

“...Phew.”

Once her lips were released, her extreme sexual arousal and oxygen deprivation left Ansandra dizzy.

She almost collapsed on the spot, but the man’s arms embraced her.

She had never known being held to a man’s chest could be so calming, so she entrusted herself to this first experience with the opposite sex.

(Ahh, what will happen if I entrust everything to this man?)

Her maiden’s heart was intoxicated by the surrounding masculine aroma and Lorent responded by kissing her neck, placing her lips on her collarbone, and smelling her hair.

“You smell lovely.”

The fragrant scent of the virgin girl’s slender nape mixed with the perfume the maids had prepared for their precious princess in the bath and the combined aroma tickled at the man’s nose with a fairy-like elegance. Lorent seemed entranced as he licked up her white neck and bit her ear.

“Ahhh.”

Ansandra gave a sensual sigh and found her dress had been undone on the back.

The red silk dress fell from her body and to the floor.

Her seductive lingerie came into view. The seamless stockings, strapless bra, garter belt, and corset emphasized her juvenile figure.

But she wore no panties. She blushed at having that embarrassing fact revealed.

“I see Dominic teased you. Not to worry. It’s a nice view.”

Ansandra had feared he would mock her for being a slut when he saw her lack of panties, so his unexpectedly kind words tugged at her heart and she had to frantically restrain herself by asking a question.

“I have a question.”

“What is it?”

Lorent’s black eyes faced Ansandra’s blue ones at close range.

“What is your ambition and your dream? From what you said earlier, it isn’t the destruction of Clanaria.”

“...”

After an oppressive silence, Lorent smiled and answered.

“I see. So you aren’t completely brainless. Fine then. I shall tell you. I wish to unify the continent.”

“Unify the continent...”

She had half expected this. What other dream would this idiot of a conqueror have?

The continent had once had as many as 150 kingdoms in it, but they had been culled down to about 50. Those kingdoms fought battle after battle while repeatedly conquering, usurping, or rebuilding, but none of them had yet managed to unify the entire continent.

The Ralfint Kingdom had come close long ago, but there was no sign of it now.

“That’s ridiculous...”

Lorent smiled at Ansandra’s comment.

“It is entirely possible with your cooperation. With the military might of Domos and the economic might of Clanaria, the world will be mine.”

“And what do you accomplish by unifying the continent? You would only be satisfying your own pride.”

He would rule the furthest reaches of the world. Only a conqueror would want that honor. The citizens and soldiers obeying him would care more about their own wives and children.

And it would take significant effort to rule all that conquered land.

The Ralfint Kingdom had conquered the eastern side of the continent and built up a large territory, but they had ultimately failed to unite the continent.

“That’s right. I simply want to do it. I know I can do it. It might ultimately change the world and it might not. Either way, I will rule the continent. And I am making you my wife, so you hold the same dream. I am giving you the honor of being the queen of the first king to unify the continent. You should rejoice.”

What was he saying? Ansandra’s home was Clanaria.

Her father, her mother, her sister, and her friends were all there. How could she rejoice in helping destroy that kingdom?

She froze in place like she was facing down a monster and Lorent suddenly grabbed his sword.

“That’s in the way.”

Removing her delicate lingerie must have been too much of an effort because he swung the sturdy sword.

“Eek!”

Ansandra tensed up because she had not expected him to aim the sword her way.

He cut the connection between the two cups covering her breasts.

The bra fell away.

“Ah.”

That final remnant of her underwear floated down like a feather.

Having been stripped bare by a sword strike, Ansandra stared down at her own body.

The sturdy sword's wind pressure had frightened her, but her soft skin was impressively free of injury.

She breathed a sigh of relief, her hips gave out, and she slumped down to the floor.

This brought his sinister-looking cock right in front of her face, so she quickly looked the other way.

“Heh heh heh... How cute.”

Lorent laughed bitterly, crouched down to look her in the eye, and then pushed her onto her back.

“Wh-what are you-...?”

She tried to resist, but she was helplessly laid down on the red carpet.

Lorent viewed her body from the top of her head to the tips of her toes.

“A splendid body. Was Clanaria raising you to be a diplomatic trump card at some point?”

“P-please...don't look...”

Ansandra blushed, closed her eyes, and tried to hide her breasts and crotch with her hands, but Lorent's hands were too fast for her. They surrounded her small but firm breasts.

Her breasts paled in comparison to adults like Dominic, Naja, Lucy, and Virginia, but it was not that she had nothing there. The small areolae and lovely nipples stuck out about right for a girl of her age.

“Your skin feels nice.”

Her fine skin was of the utmost quality. Not even silk was as smooth.

Entranced by the softness of her skin, Lorent groped the entirety of her breasts.

Ansandra could not fight his masculine strength and simply let him do as he wished.

“Uuh...”

When his fingertips touched her nipples, a tremor ran through her body and her voice escaped her lips.

“They feel magnificent. I will turn you into a wonderful woman, like I am polishing a jewel.”

Lorent stroked her nipples between his thumbs and forefingers with a mocking smile on his lips, but then he grabbed her left hand, pulled off the long pink glove, and stared at her bared hand.

“Such small hands. Almost like a doll.”

He licked her palm and lifted the arm above her head.

He stuck his face into her defenselessly exposed armpit and licked it.

“Ah...?”

Ansandra had not expected this and jumped in surprise.

But the man-eating wolf continued tasting the lamb.

“Ahh...nn? Ahh, no...nn...”

He continued his thorough massage of her small nipple while licking her armpit, so sweet and longing breaths escaped her mouth against her will.

Next, he lifted her right arm and licked that armpit as well. He also pinched her nipple which had grown hard and erect.

“Ahhhh...”

Ansandra trembled like an electric current had run through her.

“Heh. You might be a Clanarian princess and you might try to act proud, but a woman is a woman.”

While sneering at her, the man placed the other nipple in his mouth and

licked it.

“Ee, no, ahh...”

Ansandra shook from the sensuality assaulting her.

When Lucy had attacked her, she had trusted the woman and not minded too much. When Dominic had teased her, it had simply been humiliating. So with Lorent now, she decided she only had to bear with the humiliation, but within that humiliation, she felt a part of herself beginning to succumb and that frightened her.

(This man scares me. He really does, but that’s only because I’m trying to defy him. I just have to give in. If I offer him my body and soul, no man could be more comforting.)

As her womanly instincts whispered that to her, her heart tried to give into the temptation. That frightened her.

Whether he knew of her worries or not, Lorent took turns pinching and sucking at her nipples. His caress was thorough. It was even more passionate and stronger than Lucy’s.

She was embarrassed how close she was to succumbing to the burning sensuality, but she could not resist the carnal temptation and a sweet voice escaped her.

“Ahhh...♪Ahhn♪”

Lorent began playing with her nipples even more strongly and Ansandra arched her back as if holding her nipples out to him.

“Ahh, why? Why do my...nipples feel so...good! My nipples feel...too good...ahhhhh.”

Ansandra breathed heated breaths, her mind fogged over, and she had no idea what she was doing. She was only aware of the sex juices building up in her vagina. The dying fire lit by Dominic earlier might have been reignited.

And it burned through something inside her.

“Ahhhhhhhhh!!”

The lovely girl with white silky skin convulsed on the carpet.

Her mind went blank for a moment and, when her vision returned, she found Lorent's hand gently stroking her cheek.

"Heh. You already came? That doll-like face seems to be hiding quite the slut."

Ansandra was dumbfounded.

(I-I...came just from my nipples? He made me...cum?)

As she basked in the afterglow of her forced nipple climax, Lorent lifted up her legs.

"This isn't over yet. I'll be having a lot more fun with you."

"Eh!?"

It was finally happening. She could tell she was about to be violated. She was prepared.

(He can defile my body, but he can't defile my heart.)

She had a strong-willed pride, but the man's actions surpassed the girl's imagination.

After lifting her legs, he tore off her tights and sucked at her toes.

(Wh-what is he doing...?)

She had never imagined this hopeful conqueror would lick a woman's toes.

(That's dirty...)

But at the same time, seeing him desperately sucking at her toes filled her with a different form of arousal.

(He's trying to win me over...so he's working so hard to lick my toes... Yes, he's serious. He's seriously trying to seduce me.)

This made that all too clear. And once she realized that, the noble princess's heart filled with an odd sense of superiority rather than embarrassment.

This man dreamed of conquering the central plain, but that was the dream of an ignorant child. Anyone who looked at reality would give up.

The continent's powerful kingdoms were always fighting wars, but those were only meant to maintain one's pride or steal riches or land.

And yet this man honestly intended to conquer the continent via military might.

(That is a path paved with untold blood, tears, and resentment. And unifying the continent will not necessarily bring peace. It might split apart almost immediately.)

Ansandra had been interested in politics since she was little, so she knew just how meaningless a unified kingdom was.

She thought it was more worthwhile for individuals to work toward their own good fortune and wealth.

War produced nothing. It only consumed assets and manpower.

But here was a fool who had convinced himself that ridiculous dream was realistic and who was working toward accomplishing it.

He was older than her. He had great physical and muscular strength. If he wanted to, he could strangle her to death right now. And he was a dangerous man who had in fact killed many.

She knew that, but she found him oddly adorable.

He was willing to lick a girl's feet if it would make that dream a reality. If possible, she wanted to grant him that dream.

Was it her maternal instincts that briefly allowed that feeling to sprout in her heart?

But she knew the reality of the situation. With Domos's current strength as a kingdom, attacking the central plain would be suicide.

While it was true he had destroyed two kingdoms and brought them to their knees, those had both been remote kingdoms. They were nothing like the central plain's great kingdom of Clanaria.

But if he could permanently conquer Clanaria, his ambition would become much more realistic.

(He needs my cooperation to make that happen. Yes, this man's ambitious dream is reliant on me.)

She had never felt greater delight.

As that wicked joy gradually, gradually dissolved into her body, Lorent licked all ten of her toes, between the toes, and even underneath her pink shell-like nails. Then he kissed the bottom of her feet, her heel, and her ankle. He finally kissed her calf.

(This man loves me...)

Even if it was based in self-interest and ambition, she sensed frightening passion here. It stirred up sweet arousal inside her as a woman...no, as a sexual being.

Lorent's right hand suddenly reached her crotch.

"Ah."

She had been so lost in the joy of him licking her feet that she was caught off guard and could not resist.

During her confusion, he scratched at the golden hair and placed his index, middle, and ring fingers over her slit to seal it shut.

"You're feeling a great longing here, aren't you?"

The man grinned and pressed his three fingers down around her vagina.

"Ahn, ahhh, hahhh...yes..."

The pressure from his hand seemed to lift up her pelvis and it was just strong enough to give her comfortable pleasure.

"Ah...ahn."

Lorent watched Ansandra's moaning face as he adjusted his finger technique to caress the soft flesh within her labia with unbelievable softness and delicacy.

(D-don't look at me like that...)

The beautiful white of his sanpaku eyes had a magic that drove her feminine heart wild.

It scared her how deeply she was falling for him.

“Ahh, ah...ahh, ahh...”

Her body convulsed.

“You came again? Oh? That’s a lot of love juices. Is it because you’re so young?”

He looked down at Ansandra’s melted expression and licked his glistening fingertips.

(I-I’m enjoying...this man’s caress...)

Ansandra blushed and turned her head away.

But in truth, Lorent had not just been speaking to her. He had made sure the dejected-looking mature woman could hear and Dominic’s eyebrows clearly reacted.

“Now, time to spread these legs.”

With a sadistic smile, the man lifted up the back of the embarrassed girl’s knees and did exactly that.

Ansandra’s entire hidden slit was exposed now. He had thought she might resist, but she did nothing of the sort.

She had been born a princess, so her maids had always taken care of her and she had no qualms about being seen naked. He had seen her nipples, so it was no more embarrassing for him to see her vagina and clitoris. Plus, he had already seen her embarrassingly indecent behavior.

Lorent took advantage of her obedience by carefully observing her pussy.

Her golden pubic hair had yet to fully grow in, but it glistened with feminine nectar and was plastered to her skin.

The flesh bud and fleshy folds inside the spread lips were a beautiful salmon pink. The small clitoris was erect and doing its best to be noticed, but it was still inside its hood and not even its head was poking out.

Even her tight pink anus was visible.

“Since you had resorted to lesbianism, I assumed you would be more

developed.”

“It was just the one time.”

His comment stimulated her pride as a woman, so she harshly protested.

“I was not criticizing you. It is a beautiful flower garden. I meant it is well worth laying waste to.”

Lorent felt a need to carefully caress the undeveloped crevice, so he placed Ansandra’s legs on his shoulders. The love nectar built up in the flower petals dripped down toward her anus, but it never seemed to run out as more and more flowed out.

“Talk about a flood. Do you want my cock that badly?”

Ansandra tensed up at his joking comment. Was it finally time?

“Heh heh heh. How brave. You are such a cute princess. But I am not so impatient that I need to penetrate you right away. I will caress you much more first. Seeing you in pain might not be bad, but you are my precious bride. I want to avoid hurting you if possible, so don’t worry.”

He gave her a cruel smile and buried his face in her spread pussy lips.

“Hwah...”

He started licking softly despite his rough appearance.

He took his time to lick across her pussy lips while only just barely touching her.

He used his tongue to enjoy the delicate flesh that seemed to melt when he did touch it. He licked all over the area.

“Ahn, ahh ahh...ahhh.”

Her slender legs tensed and her thighs convulsed. Even the slow teasing of his cunnilingus brought pleasure.

When Lucy’s lips had sucked at her, it had been with the intensity of a storm and she had nearly lost herself in the pleasure, but this was different. He was clearly very skilled.

“Hee...ahn, that feels good. Ahhn, ahh...It’s going to drive me crazy.”

When he diligently licked her vulva from bottom to top, Ansandra felt her brain melting. She was not aware of it herself, but her butt rose from the floor and pursued Lorent's tongue.

"Heh heh. Enjoy it. Otherwise I would have no reason to do this."

Lorent laughed quietly at the virgin princess's honest reaction and then he used his tongue even more persistently.

His tongue gently parted the two sensitive inner lips and continued further in.

He took turns licking along the inside of each lip from bottom to top and then his tongue reached the tip of her clitoris.

"Ah, ahh...ahh...why does it...feels so good? My body is melting it feels so good..."

Her vagina had become a pool of love juices, but instead of just sticking his tongue in and stirring it up, he would sometimes change his timing and move his tongue in clever ways to toy with the proud princess.

He worked open the hidden hole's entrance with the tip of his tongue.

"I can't...I can't take any more... Please..."

She had completely forgotten the humiliation of being toyed with by the man who intended to destroy her home kingdom. She simply moaned lustfully and pleaded him with a sweet, nasal voice. Not even she was sure what she wanted him to do.

Lorent smiled bitterly at the girl's troubled expression, grabbed her still slender hips, and stuck his tongue into her greatest depths.



“Ahh, ahh...w-wahhn.”

He stuck his tongue into the entrance of her hidden hole, stirred up the nectar built up deep inside, and suddenly sucked it out.

“Slurrrrp.”

Ansandra wanted to cover her ears to block out the obscene sound of him slurping out her love juices.

“Nooooo...stop.”

She was so embarrassed that she covered her face and writhed on the floor, but her violator mercilessly sucked out the sexual soup.

Then he looked up.

“Pant, pant, pant...”

Ansandra's honeypot was filled with milk white love juices instead of clear love juices.

"Heh heh. What a horny girl."

"..."

Ansandra was left speechless and he lifted her legs up even higher.

"This isn't over yet. I will show you so much pleasure you can never live without me again."

With that arrogant proclamation, the warrior buried his face in her crotch once more. But his aim was a little different from before.

Before she could express any confusion, his wet tongue touched her anus.

"Eh? Th-that place is dirty..."

Ansandra panicked, but she had no way of escaping.

"Ah, no, why, but...my butt...even my butt...?"

She had never even imagined her anus could be an erogenous zone, but she could not fight reality.

He licked around her anus as if counting the wrinkles and the stimulation to the erogenous zone eventually brought Ansandra to climax.

"Ah, not my butt... I can't be cumming from my butt...!!!"

The proud second princess of the great central plain kingdom of Clanaria orgasmed with her butt held high.

Cumming from her anus was different than from her breasts, her labia, or her G-spot. The guilt brought a shuddering chill along with the climax.

"You came from your anus? You are well worth developing."

"P-please forgive me... Don't do anything more to me..."

The multiple orgasms had surpassed sexually immature Ansandra's mental limits.

She tearfully shook her head.

"Oh, I've only just begun."

Lorent returned to her pussy lips with a sadistic smile. This time, he focused on the very top. He pecked at her clitoris.

“Hyahn♪”

It was a tingling pleasure. Lucy had done this too, but he had drawn out the process so long that it felt far better. Simply touching the flesh pearl through its hood sent pleasure racing up her spine.

And Lorent did not stop there. He peeled back the hood, sucked out the contents, and directly rubbed the juvenile flesh with the bumpy borderline between the top and bottom of his tongue.

“Agah...ahhh...”

As a virgin, it was only natural for her clitoris to be more sensitive than her vagina.

After all the previous teasing, the noble maiden easily achieved orgasm.

“Pant...pant...pant...”

Her mind went blank and her body convulsed, but that was not the end. Lorent continued tormenting the extremely sensitive flesh bud.

“Ow, ahh, ahh, ah, ah...ahhhhheeeee...”

The pleasurable feeling assaulted her with some pain this time. It was too much for her to bear and she tried to escape, but Lorent would not allow it and held her lower body in place.

His powerful tongue tip moved quickly as if trying to dissolve a piece of candy in a hurry. So despite the pain, Ansandra achieved orgasm once more. But the pleasure of this second climax was accompanied by sharp pain. Then the third orgasm arrived. It came with even more sharp pain than the second. And then the fourth...

“Eek...no...no more...ah, no...ahhh, no...ah, ahhh...stop...ah, ah...ah...e-enough...”

She writhed, struggled, shook her sweat away, sobbed, and pleaded him. It was torture by way of pleasure. As her most sensitive body part was persistently licked over and over, Ansandra came time and again with a mixture

of pain and pleasure.

She had no idea what was happening. It hurt, it felt good, and it was embarrassing, but she was entirely at his mercy as her entire body shook with orgasmic convulsions.

Some fluid squirted out like a small serpent and hit the man in the face.

That was when Lorent finally lifted his head.

“Was that piss?”

“Pant, pant...pant...no, um...I can’t believe myself...”

Since she had only just been forced to wet herself when Dominic fingered her, it was not much, but she was still a maiden raised to be a civilized lady. She was horrified that she had peed on a man’s face.

“Don’t worry about it. I was kind of hoping Domos’s queen would have more restraint, though.”

After that light comment, Lorent suddenly got up.

“Yes, that should be enough.”

As Ansandra lay on her back with her legs spread, his manhood was revealed to her in its full glory.

He brought it to her vagina which was wet with saliva, love juices, and urine.

But Ansandra was worn out and her empty-looking eyes did not seem to understand what he was about to do.

And after watching that far, Dominic clenched her teeth in jealousy. It had been forever since she had received such thorough and intense oral sex.

Lorent’s impressive cock parted Ansandra’s lovely flower petals. The thick head pressed roughly against the slender girl’s hymen and pushed through.

“Ee...”

The previous pain had accompanied pleasure, but this was bare pain on its own. That instantly brought her back to her senses, so she desperately tried to slide back and away.

“No, it’s too big... Ow. It’s tearing. My pussy is tearing!”

“Now, now. Don’t struggle.”

Lorent’s hands pressed hard against her hips from either side.

As the virgin tried to escape, he pulled her back and forcibly parted her vagina.

“Ahh...”

Something tore. Ansandra groaned from the shock and tilted her head back.

But Lorent kept his hips moving forward to penetrate the virgin’s tight hole.

She felt her crotch spreading so wide she thought it would tear and she felt great pressure that seemed to press up against her stomach. The pain was so great that all thought left her mind and she simply clung to the man before her and dug her fingernails into his back.

“Uuh...ghhhh...”

The flesh sword did not hesitate to push through the unopened flesh gate and blood sprayed out as it thrust in all the way to the base.

The pain of being deflowered was joined by the unease of having that flesh tunnel widened for the very first time. The virgin subconsciously squeezed at the cock with all her might. Instead of trying to pleasure the man, she was trying to escape the pain, so she was desperate too.

The countless folds of flesh wrapped around and squeezed at the man’s dick.



“Kh.”

Even Lorent groaned at the tightness only found in a virgin.

Ansandra’s skin had paled due to the pain as she was pinned to the floor. Her white skin grew even whiter and the wet glistening of her cold sweat gave her the beauty of a pearl. Lorent placed a hand on her stiffened cheek.

“Are you okay?”

“...”

Thanks to her sheltered upbringing, Ansandra had never experienced pain this great. She could not speak and she simply gave Lorent a tearfully accusatory look.

“Yes, I can see you are in a lot of pain, but don’t worry. It only hurts the first time. It will start to feel better next time. Just try to relax and that should help

some.”

However, relaxing her tensed muscles was easier said than done. She actually clung to him even harder.

The beautiful pink-decorated nails of her delicate hands dug into the man’s back, tore the skin, and allowed blood to seep out.

That did not bother Lorent, but Dominic felt an urge to break Ansandra’s fingers as she watched the girl harming her king.

“Breathe! That will make all the difference.”

“Pant...pant...”

Ansandra had forgotten to breathe, but his barked order reminded her.

“Yes. Breathe like that.”

Lorent was arrogant, but he was surprisingly kind in his concern for her.

Finally, Ansandra’s limbs relaxed from pure exhaustion. A moment later, the cock charged even deeper inside her.

“Hgh...”

With the thick penis pressing against her cervix, she frantically squeezed down on the lawless cock once more to prevent it from moving any further, but she could not stop it this time.

Lorent moved his hips up and down to drive his penis in and out of her.

“Don’t give me that resentful look. There’s nothing I can do about the pain of defloration. There are some things no one can do. Just as no one can achieve immortality, no one can bring a woman to orgasm while she suffers from the pain of defloration. That’s why I said sleeping with virgins isn’t any fun.”

“But...ah, gh, ahhh.”

“But maybe I should change my views on that one. You really are my kind of woman. The more noble the woman’s core, the more fun it is to bend her to your will.”

With that declaration, Lorent thrust his hips in accordance with his own desire.

“Ngh.”

Each time he drove his hard cock deep inside her, Ansandra tilted her head back and exposed her white throat.

She felt like he was tearing through her internal organs. Her petal-like lips hung open as intermittent cries and saliva erupted out.

Her beautiful blue eyes could not open any wider and large tears spilled out.

“Hgh...fgh...ahee...hee...”

His ferocious dick was sometimes gentle and sometimes rough. Just as she thought it was making a more shallow attack, it would thrust deep through her flesh tunnel.

A shameful amount of fluids gushed out and he seemed to be disciplining her female flesh for the impure juices.

Ansandra did not have it in her to feel pleasure and simply suffered from the pain of defloration, but her vaginal flesh expanded and contracted in just the right way to melt the penis.

Lorent was so lost in the pleasure that his strokes grew rougher and his male flesh violated her to an overbearing extent.

The female juices filling the flower bud mixed with the fresh blood while her vaginal walls were rubbed and her womb attacked. The red blood of her purity had stained both their crotches and inner thighs.

“Ahh, ahh, ahhh...”

Each time he penetrated, dug at, and kneaded her soft untouched flesh, her mind would tingle and she felt the intense stimulus to her sensuality as a woman.

As the man mercilessly violated the sobbing woman, he made a sudden announcement.

“I’m cumming.”

“Eh? Wh-what...?”

Ansandra did not immediately know what he meant, but then his cock grew a

size thicker inside her.

(No, if it gets any bigger, it really will tear me apart. No~. What? It's throbbing!?)

While Ansandra's eyes widened in surprise at the change to the manhood inside her, the ferocious beast sprayed its scorching fluids inside the beautiful maiden's womb.



“Eek! Nooooooooo!!!”

As the hot liquid surged out into the depths of her body, Ansandra felt like it was spreading out to every part of her body.

She thought the semen would never end, but it finally did.

“Phew...”

After releasing so much male milk, the penis shrank and pulled out of the

maiden's body.

"Your body isn't bad. I like it. I think the two of us are quite compatible."

Lorent was satisfied and he embraced dazed Ansandra's body.

A sudden thought came to Ansandra as she felt the man's body heat in her entire body.

(Ohh, I was conquered...)

Setting aside the thorough caress before he had penetrated her, she had only felt pain after the penetration, but the lingering sense of his weight and the warm fluid flowing inside her was oddly kind of nice.

"Ahh..."

Her body trembled a little and a milky liquid escaped her closed vagina.

He had cummed so much that it was flowing back out of her.

Lorent scooped it up and rubbed it on her inner thigh and lower stomach.

"Um...what are you doing...?"

"Dying you in my color."

She was shocked by his answer.

(How childish...)

She began to wonder if this was the most she could expect from a man who dreamed of conquering the world, but it was not a bad feeling.

As the shock and pain of her first time caught up with her, she passed out from extreme physical and mental exhaustion.

"Princess, are you okay!?"

Ansandra's early morning private audience with Lorent lasted until the sun had long since set.

The Clanarian maids had assumed it would only be a quick ceremonial greeting, so they had been quite angry and were ecstatic now that their master had returned to them.

“Sorry I’m so late...”

Ansandra always smiled so brightly, but now she blushed and gave them the weak and bashful smile of someone trying to hide something.

She also walked awkwardly, as if she had something between her legs, so about half of the maids realized what had happened.

A lot of the maids were married or had lost their virginity, so they knew exactly what she was feeling.

Granmars, the oldest maid, made up her mind and asked a question.

“Princess, what kind of person was King Lorent?”

After three full beats of silence, Ansandra opened her mouth.

“...He was a wonderful man. He is very manly and exactly the hero type. They are apparently holding an official ceremony tomorrow, so you can see him then.”

At the very least, Ansandra’s voice did not contain any hatred or scorn for her fiancé.

“That is good to hear.”

The maids all breathed a sigh of relief.

Taking her chastity on their first meeting was inappropriate, but they had come here for her to be his wife. Even if he had rushed things a bit, there was no a problem as long as she liked him.

“Sorry. I would like to be alone.”

When Ansandra saw more curious gazes on her, she rejected further questions and moved to her bedroom.

A lot of the maids understood the unstable mental state brought on by the sense of loss after receiving a man for the first time, so they fell back.

Meanwhile, Ansandra threw herself face down on the bed and took a deep breath.

“What do I do? What am I supposed to do?”

She appreciated her aides' concern, but her worries were not just the anxieties of a young girl. She was of course still feeling some pain from losing her virginity, but her heart was in much more pain.

Now that she knew Lorent's objective was to invade Clanaria, she needed to get word back. That was her duty as the girl sent off for a political marriage.

She knew that, but deep in her heart, she also felt a desire to let that fearless and ambitious man do as he wished. He was like a savage god, so she felt he might just have what it took to truly conquer the continent.

If he successfully gained permanent control of Clanaria, he would indeed create a kingdom with power unmatched anywhere on the continent. In that case, his plan may not have been as farfetched as it first seemed.

But it all hinged on his ability to conquer Clanaria. Domos would have to defeat Clanaria in war. That was far easier said than done.

Ansandra compared Clanaria's military strength to Domos's as best as he could.

Clanaria was a large kingdom with the resources and military might to match any of the continent's most powerful kingdoms.

When purely talking about the size of their territory, the eastern kingdom of Ralfint was several times larger.

But that kingdom was trapped in constant civil war, so it could not function as a proper kingdom.

When looking at pure power as a kingdom, Clanaria could easily be called the most powerful.

They were often targeted by neighboring kingdoms that desired their fertile land, so they had a well-maintained army. People even bragged that their troops numbered at 200,000.

Then again, that number was a bluff. It was true they could muster 200,000 if every last adult man in the kingdom was gathered, but when taking food, equipment, and other logistical issues into account, they could only mobilize around 30,000 at most. Still, that was an army that ranked near the top of the

continent's more than 50 kingdoms.

“Does that childish but ambitious man know how to win this?”

When she pictured his confident, wicked, and sexy sanpaku eyes, Ansandra could not help but ask.

Clanaria's investigation had concluded Domos's army could only mobilize at most 15,000 men.

And half of those were conscripted soldiers from the conquered kingdoms of Sulbey and Celeste. She doubted those soldiers would be much use on the battlefield. Their main force would be the 8000 from Domos.

“There's no way they can win. A defensive war would be one thing, but that difference in troop size will be fatal in an invasion.”

Ansandra did not know much about military matters, but she knew the basics.

“Even if their soldiers are made of different stuff, the difference in top-level commanders is simply too great.”

Other than the overwhelmingly famous King Lorent, Domos had no real famous commanders.

She tried to think of the names of Domos's skilled commanders.

She had heard the names of mid-level commanders like Stephan, Almeida, Kubdai, Shigsal, Naja, Carnap, Vatistuta, and Lumishas. Dominic was a secretary and not a military commander, so she was omitted from the list.

She had not met any of them besides Stephan and Naja, but she had studied up on their histories.

Stephan was the leader of the Domos military on both the military and political fronts. Almeida, Kubdai, and Shigsal were of pure Domos blood and were the commanders of the powerful Domos cavalry units.

Naja led the flying dragon force, but she was the head of a special unit and thus not part of their main forces.

Carnap had been a wandering mercenary who they had chosen to join their army. Instead of showing Domos was flexible and able to overlook someone's

origin, Ansandra felt like they had been forced to put him in the center of their army because they had so few skilled people to choose from.

But those aside, the real problem came with Vatistuta and Lumishas.

Vatistuta was known as a skilled commander from the former Celeste Kingdom who had fought Lorent in single-combat and lost his left arm.

Lumishas was the adopted daughter of the former Sulbey Kingdom's last king. Her parents were still alive and were more or less being used as hostages. Word had it Lorent had forcibly taken her chastity.

Those two were likely given prominent positions to console the residents of their former kingdoms, but it was obvious they had the potential to join an Anti-Domos movement.

The Domos army was far from a monolithic force.

Meanwhile, Clanaria's King Baldwin was a cultural man, but he shined brightly with the many skilled warriors under his command: General Albare, Royal Guard General Madelene, Right General Chamomile, Left General Hopard, and more.

A single man could not win a war. A skilled commander's power was useless without mid-level commanders who could faithfully reproduce his or her orders.

"Strange. I'm worried for that man. Yet I've only just met him... And after he did that to me. I should be more worried about my home kingdom. Now that I know of his ambition, I should be sending a secret messenger back there."

She knew that, but she was hesitant to act on it. That was partially due to having Dominic's watchful eye on her.

"But that's just an excuse... If I seriously thought about getting a secret messenger out, I'm sure I could find any number of ways, but I'm intentionally avoiding that."

She embraced her own body which was covered in a male scent and she trembled.

"But with that man, it might just work..."

She thought this special feeling simply came from him being her first man, but Lorent had a strange attraction about him. He had something that drove people to fantasy. Perhaps it was love. Part of her mind told her she was only seeing this due to love, but she trusted her eye for people.

“The conqueror’s queen.”

When she said it for herself, a cold tremor and sweet arousal raced down her spine.

She liked the sound of that. Lorent’s path would surely be a thorny one and so would hers if she walked with him.

(I came to Domos because I was looking for a major job. Looking at it that way, what greater job is there? But my decision could cause the flames of war to spread.)

She had only just experienced a major milestone in her life as a woman, but Ansandra’s mind was elsewhere.

“Princess... I brought some water.”

She heard a hesitant voice.

Ansandra was lying face down in the bed and she turned a lethargic face toward the voice. She saw the clearly innocent girl named Mimi who held a pitcher of water.

Head Maid Granmars had likely been worried about her master’s health and chosen to send in the maid closest to Ansandra’s age.

“Thank you.”

Ansandra took the cup of water and drank it all at once. Only after feeling the refreshing liquid pour down her dry throat and spread throughout her body did she realize how thirsty she had been.

“Oh, that was delicious.”

Ansandra sighed and stared back at Mimi who was curiously watching her drink the water.

“Oh, right. Mimi, I have something I want to ask of you. Can you do it?”

“Yes♪Ask me anything.”

Mimi cheerfully agreed.

(I will send a secret messenger. That is my duty in this political marriage. But it is none of my concern whether or not she makes it back.)

While Mimi had loyalty and enthusiasm to spare, she had no talent in martial arts and was ignorant of the world. Ansandra weighed her love for her home kingdom against her unease and decided to make a gamble using this girl.

“I have a special mission for you. It is an important matter and Clanaria’s future depends on it.”

Chapter 4 — Impossible Dream

“So my next target is the central plain kingdom of Clanaria...”

While Ansandra’s powerful sense of responsibility had her shut in a dark room and struggling with thoughts about Clanaria and Domos’s future, the man who had taken her chastity was speaking to himself in a windy outdoor space.

Domos’s royal capital of Fenrir was a stone-built mountain fortress, but the very top level was an open-air room.

The roofs and trees of the castle town were visible all around him and the gentle waves of the mountain peaks towered above. The beauty of the sunlight shining off of the snowcapped mountains was one of the Domos people’s few sources of pride.

Lorent was not the type to enjoy that view, but when he had some spare time but not enough to travel, he had a habit of staring into the distance instead of holing up inside.

The people who knew his nature suspected he felt like he was looking down on the world from the heavens.

The curtain of night had fallen and the breathtaking mountains could not be seen, but as he stood there in only a thin robe, the light of the stars scattered across the sky like the contents of a jewelry box poured down as a silver shower.

The scents of several flowers and trees filled the air, the night wind flirted with his skin, and the chirping of bugs reached his ears.

Domos’s nights were known to be cold even during the summer. It would likely be chilly to residents of warm Clanaria, but Lorent found it pleasantly warm.

No resident of Domos would claim to hate this season and Lorent was no exception.

Outside of summer, the temperature dropped below 0 most every day and winter was especially cruel. It was an outrageous world where animals' heads would freeze and split open or tails would freeze and break off.

But Lorent was the kind of person who preferred the tension of that freezing winter, frigid air, bright white breath, and skin so tense it honed the senses.

The people who lived in this land were tough and coldhearted. They could not otherwise survive there.

Their life of riding horses or dragons to pursue their livestock or hunt wild animals trained them for military action on a daily basis and gave them fierce power during battle.

When was it that he had started to think they could use that power to conquer the entire continent?

“Why do you keep fighting for land beyond Domos?”

How would he answer if he was asked that question?

Would he brag about a selfish desire for all the world's riches and women? Would he play the hero and claim he could not bear to see the common folk living in such squalor? Or would he make a show of his righteousness by saying he wanted to unite the continent to create a world without war. They all seemed accurate and they all seemed wrong.

Regardless, he wanted to conquer even the furthest reaches of the world. And he was confident that he could accomplish that.

He was a ruler of depthless greed. Later historians would say the continent was fed up of the constant wars caused by the splitting up and conflict between the smaller kingdoms and thus everyone was waiting for the rise of a conqueror who would establish a great unified dynasty. They would say he was only a new feral man who had taken advantage of that trend. He of course was not aware of any of that.

Lorent's thoughts were focused on the strategy before his eyes. Now that he ruled the three kingdoms of Domos, Celeste, and Sulbey, he stood at a large crossroads.

“...Your Majesty...”

Lorent was viewing the starry sky with his back to the stone wall, but a voice did not hesitate to call out to him from the entranceway.

He looked over and saw the anguished face of an intelligent woman wearing the clothing of court woman with a green hat and veil attached.

“Dominic. ...What do you need?”

That venomous snake of a woman was 7 years his elder and she was not of pure Domos descent.

Her father had been from the central plain, but he had done something that led him to this land. He had served as a royal official here, so his daughter had ended up working as a maid.

Dominic had been far from “adorable” even as a child, but thanks to the tremendous skill she inherited from her father, she had been selected as the prince’s attendant.

Dominic had made up for her position as a newcomer by faithfully serving her young master, but one night when she had gone to turn out the magic light in Lorent’s room after he fell asleep, he had grabbed her hand.

It had been less about love than about a young boy’s curiosity concerning the opposite sex, but she was proud to have been his first woman and to have offered her virginity to him.

He had continued following his curiosity after that and fucked her in just about every way imaginable, so there was no part of her body that had not been exposed to his eyes and fingers or that had not been baptized by his semen and saliva.

In that way, she was closer to him than anyone. Stephan was Lorent’s teacher and Kubdai was like his older brother, but she knew she was even closer and would even gladly die for him at any time.

But despite her devoted love, Lorent had grown tired of her body come to love Naja and many other women.

It might have been a remote kingdom, but he had still been crown prince. The

kingdom's women had naturally adored him. And even when he hid his identity, countless women had approached him and he had not hesitated to take each and every one of them.

It had been Dominic's job to clean up afterwards.

She was very confident in her position as Lorent's special woman, but it had been absolute torture watching her beloved man having sex with other women.

Her personality had gradually grown twisted and that had in turn reduced how often he loved her. It was a vicious cycle.

"I am prepared to be punished for saying this, but aren't you being too hasty in challenging Clanaria at our current strength?"

"..."

Dominic feared the silent pressure coming from Lorent, but she continued while restlessly rubbing her hands together.

"There is no need to go for Clanaria so soon. Can't you conquer all the northern kingdoms to build up our strength before starting into the central plain?"

That was the majority opinion in Domos.

Domos was a military kingdom, so not fighting a war was not an option.

But the north was blocked in by a sea known as the Icy Blade. As its name suggested, it froze in winter and was full of too much drift ice for ships to pass even during the summer. It was truly a place beyond human understanding.

The only options were to continue across the north or to begin south into the central plain.

It was too soon for the central plain. Most people felt they needed to focus on the northern kingdoms of Nausiaca and Clotilde which were allied with Clanaria, but Lorent had decided to attack Clanaria.

However, he had not fired the first arrow yet. They could still turn back.

Lorent had seemed hatefully full of confidence and ambition to Ansandra's eyes, but he was still human and would thus hesitate and second-guess himself.

He simply made sure only his few aides knew of it.

Dominic was one of those who could see it, so she spoke strongly.

“I will always agree with your thoughts. I would offer up my life or even kill my father for you. But if anything were to happen to you...”

Dominic had not even resisted when he had pulled her into his bed and taken her virginity, so this was her first time standing up to him to this extent.

Her face paled and she trembled just as much as during that first time.

She was willing to have him yell at her, hit her, or even kill her. The only thing she feared was that he might leave her.

But she had seen the central plain civilization when she had been bought here by her father as a young girl, so she simply could not see how Damos could defeat them at the moment.

“...”

His sanpaku eyes stared at her like she was some rare sight.

It seemed to last forever to Dominic. She did not even feel alive during that time, but then he looked up into the night sky.

“Hm?”

There was a flying dragon there.

After it approached above the castle, a woman with a red ponytail hopped down from the dragon, performed a flip, landed on the stone floor, and leaped into Lorent’s chest.

“Pant, pant... It really is you, Your Majesty.”

“Naja, don’t be reckless.”

As Naja grinned and pressed her cheek against his solid chest, beads of sweat covered her forehead and her healthy brown chest rose and fell from her heavy breathing.

Her time with her lover had been ended in favor of another girl. She had likely taken out her irritation on her beloved dragon.

That could not have been fun for the dragon. Once its master freed it, Lacquer Scale flew off as if fleeing.

“ ... ”

Dominic had felt like she stood on the verge of life or death, so she was dumbfounded by this unexpected intrusion.

But Naja entirely ignored Dominic and hit Lorent with blatant jealousy.

“Hey, are you really going to marry that girl?”

Unlike Dominic, Naja was still quite young at 20. She was the daughter of a family that had served the Domos royal family for generations. She was something like a childhood friend to Lorent.

She was of pure Domos descent and when she flew gallantly through the sky on her flying dragon, most of the people enthusiastically called her the Daughter of Domos.

Lorent had placed her in charge of the flying dragon unit and made her his mistress while also maintaining an equal relationship as friends.

No matter how many women the lecherous young king laid his hands on, most everyone had assumed Naja would ultimately be queen of Domos.

She was the perfect candidate when it came to bloodline, ability, trust, popularity, and age. And she had to have been aware of that herself.

“Yes, Ansandra is absolutely necessary if I am to defeat and rule Clanaria.”

He did not hesitate in his answer.

Naja wrinkled her nose in displeasure and Lorent soothed her by rubbing her cheek.

Naja realized he was trying to dodge the issue through intimacy, so she bit his fingertip like a cat.

Lorent grimaced at that and shook his finger as he tried to persuade her.

“You saw Clanaria, didn’t you? It is entirely different from here. And we will never have a better chance of making that fertile land ours.”

The northern kingdoms were weak. That was the result of how barren they

were. Nature was an obstacle. There was only so far they could expand their territory.

But Clanaria may have been the world's most fertile kingdom. Rule it and they would acquire vast riches. Domos would then become the greatest force on the continent. It would be much easier from there on out. They only had to conquer the central plain's other fertile kingdoms one after another. The remaining smaller and weaker northern kingdoms would likely surrender without even putting up a fight.

"I understand what you're saying, but this is a dangerous gamble."

Dominic could not help but plead with him.

They had asked for an alliance and now they would attack and destroy Clanaria while they were off guard. It was an obvious deception.

"Yes, I know. But it is a gamble worth making." Lorent sighed lightly. "I love war, but I hate wars I lose. Clanaria is powerful. If we fought them normally, we would never stand a chance. And if a direct attack won't work, standard strategy is to use more underhanded methods. ...Also. If the amount of effort is the same, we should aim for the greater profit. And humans are much easier to battle than nature."

Naja answered Lorent's resolve with a skeptical voice.

"Well, I do get what you're saying, but is that girl really worth all that? I seriously doubt she'll be a worthwhile trump card."

From Naja's point of view, Ansandra had to look like a pretty doll with no useful skills whatsoever.

"Yes, that girl might look obedient, but she might be smarter than you think. It looked to me like she is giving this quite a lot of thought."

Lorent sounded somehow amused as he recalled Ansandra's behavior after he had finished deflowering her.

If Lorent was praising her, then Naja had to accept that this was no ordinary girl.

"Well, whatever. If you can use that girl, then let's use her for all she's

worth♪”

Naja replied with a refreshed smile and Lorent gave a smile of his own as he powerfully embraced her hips. He seductively and coldly whispered to her as if biting at her right ear.

“That’s the Naja I know. This is hardly the first time I’ve found a new woman. Just think of this as yet another one.”

“You sure are in a good mood...”

Naja looked exasperated, but she had a weakness for this man. Their lips came together.

“Mh, mhh, mhh...”

The two of them had known each other for a long time and they first licked along the edge of the lips releasing a heated breath and then sucked at each other’s lips.

While enjoying the devouring kiss, the smile of a calculating woman appeared on Naja’s cheeks.

After knowing him for so long, she knew Lorent’s tastes in women.

If a woman was only pretty, he would fuck her, play around with her, and then throw her out like garbage once he was tired of her.

Only the idiosyncratic but talented women like Naja and Dominic had lasted very long.

To remain his mistress required effort and talent.

If Ansandra was not up to the task, she would be left behind once she was of no more use, even if she was his wife.

Lorent’s strong arms pulled her tight hips in close and then pushed her back against the wall.

Her scent rose toward his nose. This was not the artificial scent he had found on Ansandra. It was the sweet and sour scent of sweat, the heat of the sunlight, and pure female sex.

“You are such a wonderful woman.”

He pressed their foreheads together and whispered as if he had seen right through everything she was thinking.

“Of course I am♪You can’t find another woman as great as me in the central plain or anywhere else in the world.”

It looked like she was just cheerfully saying that, but Naja almost certainly believed it from the bottom of her heart. And that was what filled her with the radiance of life and confidence.

“True enough...”

Lorent narrowed his eyes and agreed. He kissed at her neck as he spun her around and placed her hands on the railing.

He embraced her from behind and thoroughly massaged her tits through the thin clothing covering them.

“Nn...nnn, ahhn... My boobs are bigger and perkier than that girl’s, aren’t they?”

“Yes, they are superb.”

As he caressed and groped them from bottom to top, her top slipped up. The two bowl-shaped mounds that bounced out into view were slightly less tanned than the rest of her skin.

And the heat that had been contained inside was released along with a sweet female smell.

Her breasts were smooth, but they were as tough as tanned animal hide. He held them in his hands and boldly groped them from base to tip like they were a cow’s udders. She was quite accustomed to this rough caress, so her nipples grew indecently erect without delay.

As he pulled and twisted those erect nipples between his thumb and forefinger, Naja released damp and heated moans.

“Nn, nnn, ahhn. Your Majesty, you have the world’s best woman by your side and she’s madly in love with you, so you need to be aware just how lucky you are.”

“Yes, I am aware. Meeting you was the greatest happiness in my life.”

As he admitted that, Lorent continued groping her left breast with his left hand and lowered his right hand to her lower body.

He rubbed up along her glossy right thigh and stuck his fingers inside the cloth hanging over her crotch.

The miniscule cloth below that was far too small to call panties and only just barely hid her pussy. Lorent pressed on the mound through that cloth and stroked up and down the slit.

“Ahhh...”

They had known each other long enough to intimately know each other’s erogenous zones. Even through the cloth, Lorent’s fingertips took perfect aim and sent a vibration into her clitoris.

“Ha ha. That feels amazing~~~♪”

As a man embraced her from behind and unilaterally pleased her, the woman known as the Daughter of Domos and loved by the people moaned loudly down toward the castle town.

“Kh...”

Dominic uttered a frustrated and longing sigh as she was forced to watch that perfect couple begin their lovemaking.

Her intelligent face paled from jealousy, her skinny body trembled, and she bit her lower lip.

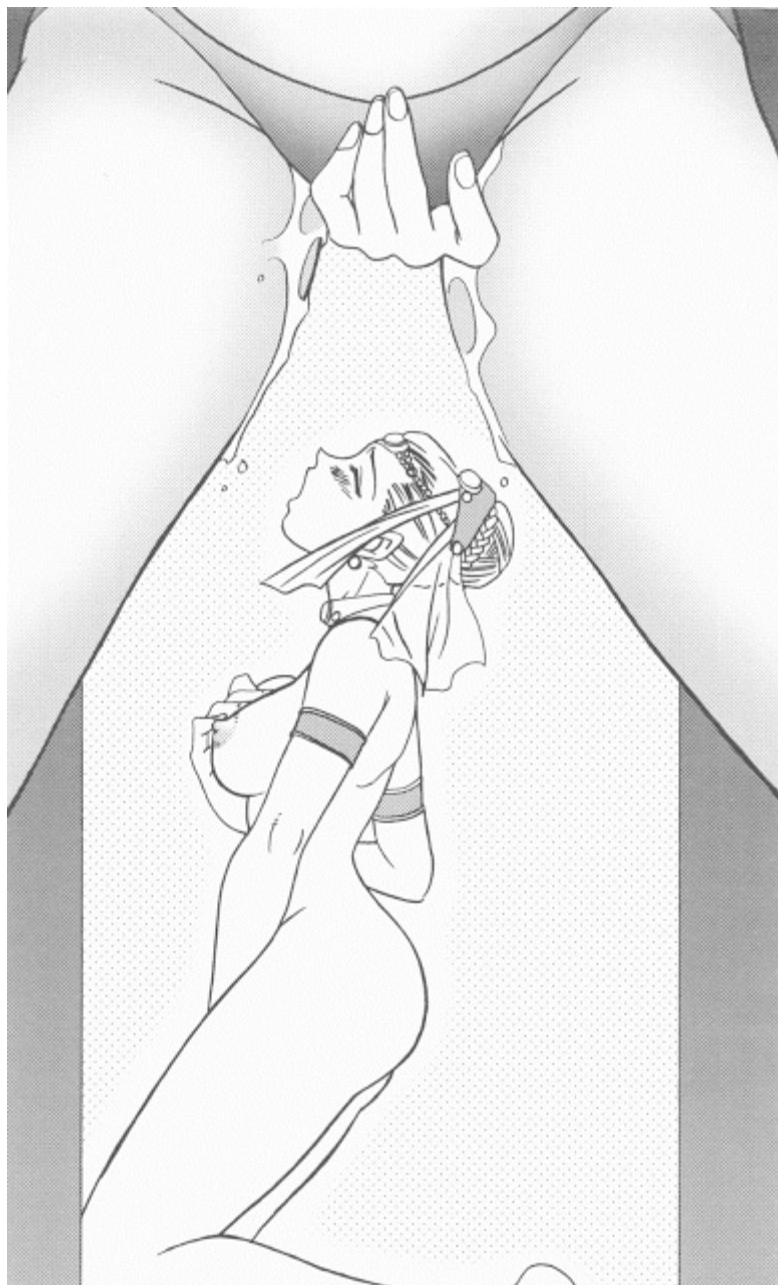
Dominic was 7 years older than Lorent and she had too much pride to plainly state her jealousy and beg for it like Naja. No matter what horrible things he did to her, she would weep in her heart while playing the understanding big sister who would allow anything.

She would often work off her pent up jealousy by humiliating other women like she had Ansandra.

Even so, she never again wanted to stand there and watch the man she loved making love with another woman. That was like torture to a woman.

(Ahh, if only he would pleasure me like that...)

As she agonized in jealousy, her arms started moving on her own body just like Lorent's were on Naja's.



She groped her enormous breasts over her clothes and used the other hand to pull up her skirt and gently rub her crotch through her panties. Needless to say, the nipples between her fingers were hard and erect and her panties were sopping wet.

“Ahhhn. Quit teasing me. I hate being teased. Give it to me already. Put it in, put it in.”

After he continually rubbed her breasts and clit, Naja threw a childish tantrum and begged him.

Lorent smiled bitterly when he remembered how Ansandra had only been able to desperately endure the pleasure from this sort of teasing.

Neither reaction was superior and the difference was entertaining.

“Put it in? You mean like this?”

With a mischievous smile on his lips, Lorent placed his fingers on her fleshpot through the cloth and shoved her panties inside along with his middle finger.

“Ahhhn.”

Naja gave a sweet cry as she arched backwards.

“Pant, pant. You’re so mean. C’mon, Your Majesty~ Stick your cock inside me, stir me up, and then fill my pussy with lots and lots of cum... Pant, pant.”

Naja begged sweetly as she kept her hands on the railing and raised her left leg straight toward the heavens.

In a way, it was similar to the pose a dog made when peeing on a tree, but her leg was raised so perfectly straight that it had a certain elegance to it. Her two legs formed a straight line that looked like a pillar supporting the heavens and the earth.

Only a woman with her limber joints and excellent balance could pull off this pose. It was a provocative pose that showed off her athletic ability.

The cloth she wore for panties was revealed to Lorent’s eyes in all its soaked and wrinkled glory. The mound below was shaved.

The middle of the thin cloth was digging into the vertical slit below and one point in the center sank deep down and was terribly stained.

“Well, if you insist.”

Lorent succumbed to this childhood friend and hero’s seduction, so he removed his gown.

He wore nothing below, so this revealed his penis that rose up to his navel.

Naja clung to the railing and held her left leg high while Dominic gulped while sadly masturbating on her own.

Lorent pulled on the vermilion cloth and revealed the spread pussy below.

The flower petals on her crotch were covered in nectar and twitched to invite the man in.

Lorent grabbed her raised leg with his left arm and penetrated her all at once.

“Ahhhn♪”

It was a unique position.

Your average woman could never pull it off.

Allowing him to enjoy these acrobatic positions was one of Naja’s special traits.

Dominic and Ansandra could never hope to replicate them.

“Kh.”

She was turned to the side, so her vagina squeezed him from the sides.

Naja’s pussy had ample soft folds that squeezed tightly.

It was very different from Ansandra’s hard and tight pussy. She had developed enough soft muscle to create the perfect pussy for squeezing a man to death.

And it squeezed differently from normal in this unusual position, so even Lorent was quickly brought to his limit.

“Hee hee hee...”

Naja laughed happily when she sensed the man desperately trying to hold back inside her. She rested her right elbow on the railing, turned her head around, reached out her left arm, and embraced Lorent’s black hair.

Realizing what she wanted, he leaned forward and stole her lips with his cock still deep inside her antlion hill of a vagina. At the same time, he moved his right hand below her to support her body while groping her right breast.

He moved his kisses lower and brought her left nipple into his mouth.

“Ahh...”

As if to reveal her mental state, the small nipple grew stiffly erect and she cried out and jerked when he sucked on it.

He firmly groped the other mound in his hand and rolled the hardening nipple around with his tongue.

“Ahh, ah, ah, ah, ah...”

As he held the nipple in his mouth and licked it all around with his tongue tip, it grew harder and harder, so he held it between his lips and sucked hard.

“Ah, bite it, bite it...”

Even as Naja’s body writhed wildly around and she gasped for breath, he did as she asked and bit the nipple with his front teeth.

“Kh...!?”

Naja groaned quietly and gasped while her skin tensed.

Her vagina squeezed at the same moment. She had apparently cum a little.

Sensing that, Lorent made an announcement.

“It’s about time I got serious.”

With his right hand, he scooped up and massaged her right breast. With his left hand, he grabbed her raised thigh and began pumping vigorously into her.

He pounded his hips into hers.

“Ahn, I’m, ahhhn...”

He felt like he was penetrating her quite deeply in this position. His extra-thick cock pounded repeatedly on her cervix and drool burst from her mouth.

At the same time, her left breast bounced around.

After immediately shifting up to his top speed, Lorent thrust back and forth, stirred up her vaginal walls, and pounded her hard.

When he did this, Naja was nothing more than a female beast. Her wild voice sounded loudly each time their hips collided.

“Nn...hn, ahh...ahhh...ahhh...”

Naja’s red ponytail waved about as she achieved orgasm after orgasm, sometimes small and sometimes large.

“Ah, ahh, ahhh...I’m, I’m...”

The girl loved as the Daughter of Domos roared into the night sky like a wild flying dragon.

“Ahee, ahahhh...hahh...ahee...kuheee...I’m cumming...I’m cumming, hee...ahhhhhh, ah, hah, ahh...ah, I’m cumming again, I’m cumming.”



All rational thought left her, her eyes rolled back in her head, and her expression constantly changed between “It feels so good”, “fuck me more”, and “I’m going to die”.

As she moaned and convulsed like mad, strong contractions ran through her vagina to assault the penis inside. After she climaxed a few times, the man’s powerful restraint finally succumbed to the great tidal wave of pleasure.

“Here I go!”

With that powerful announcement, Lorent thrust his cock inside her so

forcefully it seemed like it would pierce straight through her.

“Hee...!!!”

He ejaculated while pushing her cervix up inside her.

“Ahhhh...ahhhhn...”

The feminine and animal cry that forced its way from the depths of her throat contained the sadness of a dying beast’s death cry yet also contained immense satisfaction.

After releasing his seed, Lorent’s movements gradually slowed and finally came to a stop.

Naja held him in a stupor and refused to let go. Even after his penis released every last drop and had gone fully flaccid, she held him inside her body for a long time.

When he finally removed his penis, all of her muscles had relaxed and she curled up on the spot like she had passed out.

Her panties had shifted back into place, but there had to be an incredible mixture of love juices and semen inside.

“Phew...”

Satisfied, Lorent remained standing and leaned back against the stone wall opposite the one Naja was curled up against.

And he jerked his chin over toward the woman who was feeling intense jealousy and nearly enough distress to start crying.

“Dominic...take care of this.”

That was all he had to say. What he meant got through to her because she was a slave to his cock down to the core of her being.

“Oh, yes.”

The woman in her thirties approached while her face glowed and crumbled into a tearful smile.

She knelt between her master's legs and lovingly reached her tongue toward the penis that was covered in another woman's love juices and had grown flaccid.

She licked it like a child wanting to savor her favorite treat instead of consuming it all at once.

Each time it twitched, her smile grew and she licked it even more thoroughly.

As the horny woman enjoyed his dick, it gradually grew until the dark glistening flesh sword had entirely recovered.

"Ahh..."

With a maddening glow in her jade eyes, Dominic licked her lips and gulped.

An ecstatic smile came to her face as she massaged the flesh sack with both hands and boldly swallowed the flesh shaft into her mouth.

"Nn, nn, nnn, hhhhh..."

Each time she slid her red lips along the shaft, she felt a tug on her flesh-colored lips and the lipstick stuck to the pillar of flesh.

She rapidly moved her head and drool dripped from her mouth as she did her very best to suck his cock, but the flesh spear would not explode so readily when it was so experienced and had been used twice already.

Dominic pushed the head to the back of her mouth and swallowed it into her throat.

She did not particularly care if she dislocated her jaw or suffocated on the penis. As long as she was pleasuring him, she was happy.

Lorent suddenly reached out his hands, grabbed her chestnut hair, and began moving both her head and his hips back and forth.

"Uuh..."

Dominic's muffled groan echoed out as he mercilessly shoved his massive erection deep into her throat.

Nevertheless, Lorent continued the rhythmic movement of his hips. His pubic hair tickled her nose and her teeth touched the base of his rod.

She desperately grabbed at his butt to bear with it. Her reddish-purple nails dug deep into his butt and her eyes grew blank.

She was a coldhearted woman and her treatment of Ansandra showed how venomous she could be, but she was a masochist when it came to Lorent.

After face-fucking the horny woman for a while, Lorent let go.

“Pant...pant...pant...”

When he pulled his penis out, it was stickily coated with lipstick, it gave off steam, and it twitched. A string of drool connected its tip to the lips that had lost most of their lipstick. Dominic asked her master a question with a blank look on her face.

“Would you like me to do it with my breasts now?”

“Sure, do as you wish.”

Delighted with her master’s arrogant response, Dominic removed her see-through innerwear to reveal her breasts.

The giant breasts within were contained in a seductive and luxurious purple bra that left more than half of them exposed.

That underwear was clearly designed for the male eye.

She had been prepared for Lorent to call for her at any time.

She glanced up at him, hoping to hear what he thought.

“You really like wearing sexy underwear, don’t you?”

“Th-thank you very much...”

She blushed and removed the bra.

This exposed pale white and meltingly soft breasts that gave off a milky scent. These were the mature breasts of a woman in her thirties.

“I will give you a titjob.”

While kneeling and topless, Dominic placed the thick and glistening penis between her white and somewhat sweaty breasts.

Her intelligent face was burning with lust. As she pushed the twitching cock

between her white tits, they enveloped it like cotton candy.

Her voluminous breasts could surround the giant penis with room to spare. They were also resilient and incredibly soft. The penis was sucked into the fine and well-maintained skin.

“That feels wonderful. Your tits really are the best, Dominic.”

Lorent happily narrowed his eyes and Dominic felt like she was ascending into heaven.

Her large breasts, symbols of motherhood, surrounded her beloved man’s dick. That brought her the greatest happiness.

Lorent had first expressed interest in her due to her giant boobs. The past 14 years vanished and she was brought back to that time when Lorent was hers alone.

Overjoyed and still on her knees, she grabbed her ample breasts, used them to rub the erection in her cleavage, and worked to move her upper body up and down.

She used her entire body to move the giant hunks of flesh. Sweat poured from her white skin and heated breaths escaped her mouth. She accurately rubbed her solidly erect nipples against either side of the penis head.

The dark head occasionally poked up from between her white skin. Dominic’s eyes were drawn to it and she could not resist opening her mouth, sticking out her red tongue, and licking the tip sticking out from her cleavage.

No matter what anyone said, she had been in a physical relationship with Lorent the longest, so she knew just how to make her attack.

“Kh... I’m cumming.”

“Go ahead. Please cum all over me.”

Dominic’s entire body exuded heat and the urethra opened at her request.

The first shot hit the talented woman right on the bridge of the nose.

Her clever face was defiled by so much semen it was hard to believe he had already ejaculated twice that day.

The milky liquid dripped down onto her breasts and she looked up at him with a seductive smile.

“Did it feel good?”

“Yes, very.”



She smiled happily at that and began skillfully scooping up all of the cum on her face and breasts so she could eat it all.

She also put the shrinking penis in her mouth, sucked out the fluid still inside, and licked it clean.

She was truly a horny woman.

Even after releasing his seed for a third time, his rod responded to her horny passion by raising its head once more.

“My, what an energetic cock♪”

Her exasperated tone was belied by the loving smile on her lips as she kissed the penis head. She acted like an older sister witnessing her younger brother's mischief, but she could not hide the film of lust over her jade eyes.

Lorent could see her desire whether she liked it or not.

"That's enough of sucking me off. I'll pleasure you this time."

Lorent pushed down the woman who served him with fanatic devotion, had her get on all fours with her ass sticking out, and lifted up her long skirt.

Purple stockings that matched her bra were held up by a purple garter belt and she wore purple panties above that.

Lorent pulled down just the panties.

"Ahn♪"

The horny woman was used to being treated roughly, so her mature body trembled in anticipation.

The crotch of her luxurious and fashionable panties had been digging into her slit for so long it was discolored and somewhat swollen.

It was wet to the touch and gave off the unique smell of a woman's sex organ.

"Honestly, a woman your age shouldn't be getting so wet."

"M-my apologies..."

Dominic was shamed by her beloved man's criticism. And yet she wiggled around the butt she held high.

Lorent smiled bitterly at that, grabbed the full butt cheeks with both hands, and spread them.

"Ahh."

Not even Dominic was used to this pose that gave an excellent view of both her anus and pussy lips, so she apparently felt some embarrassment. Tension ran through her body and mind.

Lorent then spread her slit with his thumbs, stretched the inner lips to either

side, and revealed the honeypot in the center.

“Oh, oh. There are several white rivers flowing down this valley. Were you that lonely?”

The flesh-colored petals of the flower blooming at the bottom of the valley down the center of her butt were wet with so much white nectar it dripped to the floor.

Lorent was satisfied with the sight of this lewd and horny woman, so he moved in close and kissed the lightly-colored anus. He then used his tongue to lick down to suck on the flesh lips covered in milky nectar.

“Ahh... No, no, you mustn't. You will dirty your tongue...ahh...and face. You mustn't taste my dirty pussy...”

Even as she told him he “mustn't”, Dominic held her butt high, wiggled it back and forth, and pressed it against the man's face.

Lorent responded by stirring up her burning crevice with his long and powerful tongue.

In fact, he spread her swollen pussy lips wide, bit lightly at the folds protected by the slit, and sucked at them again and again.

“Ahh, ahh...hyah...”

Dominic was known as a coldhearted and wicked woman, but her moaning voice echoed all around her.

Her milky love juices flowed out from her slit and Lorent audibly sucked at her crevice and clitoris to thoroughly torment her. Each time, her body tensed.

“Ah...ahhhn, hahh, hee, ahhhn, hyahhhn♪”

Her full body convulsed in orgasm, so Lorent raised his head and wiped his lips with the back of his hand.

“Your love juices have a powerful smell and flavor. I love how much it reminds me of a horny woman.”

“No. Th-that's too embarrassing. B-but...I-I am glad you enjoyed it...”

Dominic reacted like a young girl when he gave his opinion of her love juices.

“Now, then. I think it’s about time I stuck it in.”

With that meaningful-sounding comment, Lorent pressed the tip of his dick against the swollen pearl that had removed itself from its hood.

“Do you want it?”

“Yes! I want it! Fuck me as hard as you want and until you’re satisfied!”

She could not resist the temptation, so she desperately begged for it.

He rubbed the head from her clitoris, along her pussy lips, and up to her anus in order to tease her.

Her slit was gushing with so much love juice that she seemed to be pissing.

“P-please don’t tease me. Please hurry up and p-put it in.”

Unable to bear it, Dominic wiggled her butt and sobbed.

“Please. Give me...give me your love! I want your cock. I beg you!”

“Where do you want it? Here?”

After coating his right hand’s index and middle fingers with plenty of the love juices dripping out, Lorent stuck those fingers into her anus.

“Uuh.”

As he moved the fingers around inside her, Dominic’s hips shook, her butt trembled, and desperate moans escaped her lips.

Lorent then spread his fingers to spread the hole wide.

“Th-that would be nice, but I want it...in my pussy. Please put your cock in my pussy!”

Sticky sweat coated her body, her arms gave out, and she seemed to kiss the floor as she begged.

“Hurry...Please don’t tease me like this...”

“Fine, fine.”

Hearing the scratchy pleas of an animal in heat, Lorent pulled out his fingers.

“You really want it in here, don’t you? Your horniness never ceases to amaze

me.”

Dominic nodded like crazy when he pressed the tip of his rod against the flooding gap between her red pussy lips.

“Yes, yes. I am a horny woman. I’m a receptacle for your lust. I’m no more than a lowly animal that finds the utmost pleasure in being loved by you. So please feed me! Jam your thick cock inside me!”

With her body and heart fallen, Dominic shut her eyes, supported her upper body with her arms, and raised her butt high so he could fuck her more easily.

Lorent grabbed her butt cheeks and readied his dick before whispering to her in a cold voice.

“By the way, Dominic, I hear you punished Ansandra.”

Her expression froze when she heard that.

“No, um...I was not punishing her. It is a retainer’s duty to ensure that any woman you might sleep with is worthy of our trust, so-...eek!?”

Lorent’s open hand slapped her mature butt without warning.

The flesh jiggled and a red handprint appeared there. It had an alluring beauty.

“I don’t recall asking you to question Ansandra. Hm? I ordered you to look after her because she had to be nervous visiting a strange land to be wed. And I know you know just how important Clanaria’s princess is to my ambitions. So what you did to Ansandra was the same as rebelling against me. Do you understand that?”

A coldhearted smile appeared in Lorent’s sanpaku eyes and he mercilessly slapped her a 2nd and 3rd time.

“Ahh, please...please forgive me.”

As the pleasant slapping sounds continued, her white butt grew red. He also slapped her pussy lips which only dripped with more sticky fluid.

“Ahh, I am so very sorry. Please forgive me. Please be merciful...”

He spanked the tearfully pleading bitch 30 times.

Dominic was a grown woman, but she wet herself while on all fours like a dog. Lorent only stopped after he saw that. He brought his face close to the chestnut hair plastered to her nape with sweat and he asked a question.

“Well? Do you think you can get along with Ansandra now?”

“Yes, yes. I will. I will never...I will never do anything like that again.”

She shed tears, dripped with drool, oozed love juices, scattered urine, and soaked her white skin with sweat, so she seemed half dead as she made her promise.

“Of course you won’t. Do it again and I’ll sew up that perverted pussy of yours.”

Lorent readily made that horrific threat and he was the kind of man who really would do what he said he would. As his first aide, Dominic knew that better than anyone. Despite being an intelligent adult woman, she cowered down and trembled in fear.

“Well, fine. That’s enough punishment for now. C’mon, stuck out your ass.”

Lorent grabbed Dominic’s limp hips and checked her slit to find it a flood of whitish horny fluids.

She had likely wet herself more due to fear than pain. She had feared that Lorent would abandon her. That was something she feared more than death.

Her entire body was dependent on him down to the marrow and this time he really did stick his impressive penis inside her dripping red clam.

She had her hands on the floor and just her butt held high.

“Ah...ahhh...”

He penetrated her all the way to the cervix, so she arched her back, closed her eyes, wrinkled her brow, and lifted her jaw high to proclaim her pleasure. Saliva dripped down from her widely opened lips.

Lorent pressed his weight on her hips and began slowly moving his hips. With each thrust, Dominic let out a cry of bliss.

“Ahh, ahh, s-so good. Yes. Your dick feels so good!”

The head rubbed and caught at her sensitive flesh. The overwhelming pleasure assaulting her body caused her vaginal flesh to subconsciously squeeze down on the penis.

“Kh...”

Lorent clenched his teeth. Virgin Ansandra and young muscular Naja had greater vaginal pressure, but Dominic’s vaginal flesh tightened and released for the perfect massage.

Her honeypot had been honed to pleasure a man...no, to pleasure Lorent specifically.

A woman’s body could apparently be changed by a man.

He had developed her body to his liking ever since the night he had lost his virginity, so now he thrust in to the base, pulled out a bit, and moved his flesh sword around in every direction.

His hips pushed up against her butt.

“Ahh, y-yes, ahhh...”

As Dominic received the warrior man’s wild thrusts with her entire body, she dripped with drool and her ample breasts swayed back and forth.

“Aheee, ahahhhh...”

It was said a woman felt the most pleasure only after passing 30 and a look at Dominic here certainly lent credence to that idea.

Each time the thick penis thrust in and out of her, obscenely wet sounds filled the air and sex juices flowed out, were stirred up, and sprayed out.

Dominic was down on all fours as she moaned, drooled, and let her butt dance lewdly around in pleasure, so she could only be described as a sexual beast.

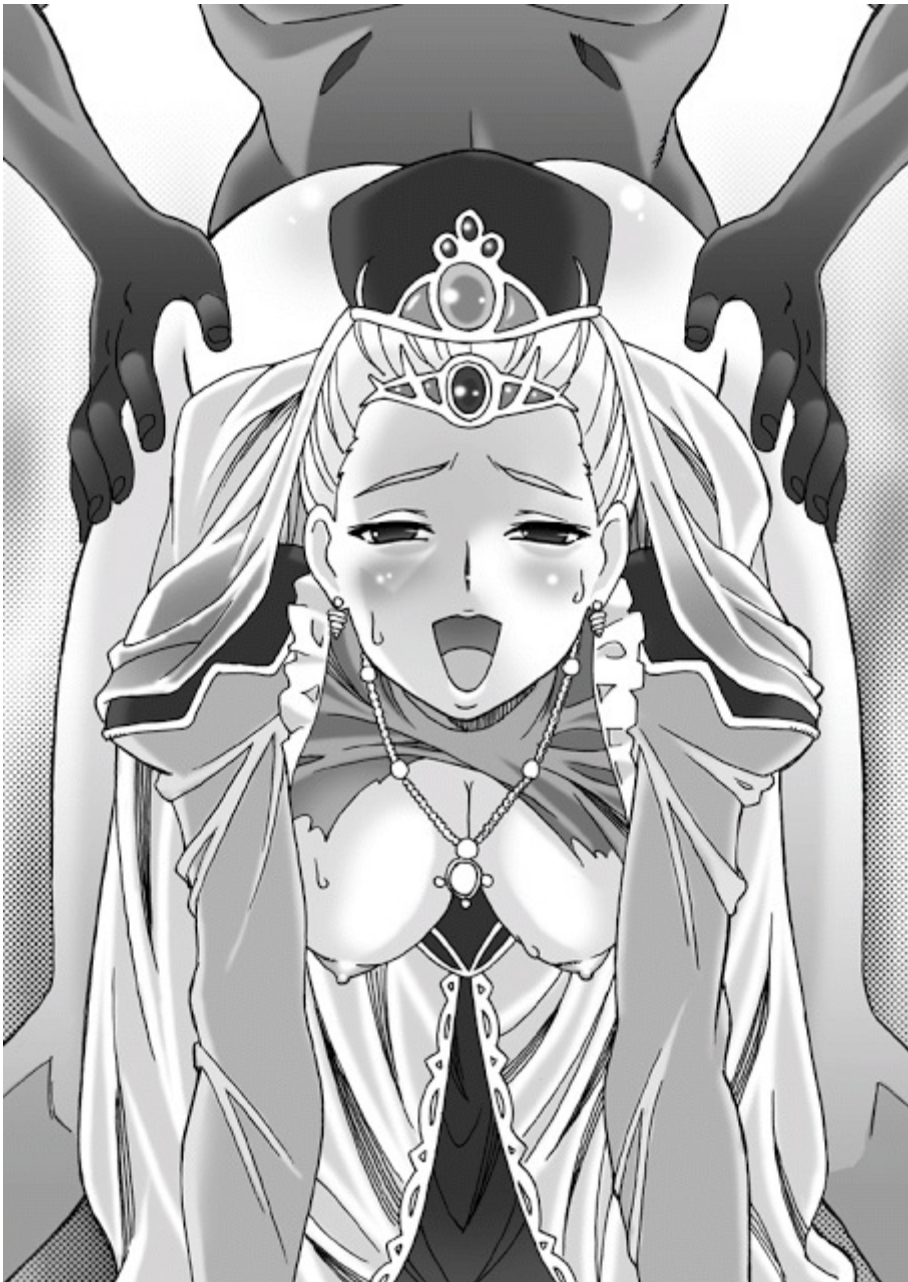
If Ansandra had seen this, she would never have believed it was that same sharp woman.

“Ahh, how lovely. My womb. You’re even fucking the depths of my womb. Ahh, Your Majesty, Your Majesty, more, harder, fuck me silly. Kill me, cum and

then kill me! I would love nothing more than to be killed by you.”

Every last part of Dominic’s body was melting with sweet pleasure and she let out a scream as she entered the realm of ecstasy.

“I-I’m cumming, hyah, I’m cumming... I’m cumming...”



Her mature white body trembled and her vaginal flesh convulsed to devour the cock inside it, but he had already cum thrice and was not going to ejaculate so easily.

No matter how much she came, Lorent continued wildly thrusting his hips without rest.

“Agh, ahhh, I’ll die, I’ll die, I’ll die~~~ It feels so good I’ll die~~”

As she cummed over and over, various fluids escaped her body and she trembled in joy.

“You horny slut. Here’s what you want.”

“Yessssssss!!!”

After pounding his dick inside her with no concern for her body, Lorent ejaculated. The talented woman known as coldhearted and cruel passed out.

Lorent was utterly exhausted after cumming a 4th time, so he collapsed on the floor. The chill of the stone felt nice. As he stared up at the starry sky and abandoned himself to the pleasant weariness, he heard female voice speaking quietly.

“You look so cute when you cum, my sister♪”

Naja was using his right shoulder as a pillow and she teased Dominic who was doing the same on his left side.

“How many times do I have to tell you not to call me that? I am not a pervert like you.”

“There’s no need to be rude. I know you’re not interested in other women or even any men besides His Majesty, but if it feels good, why not do it?”

“It is called having principles. And doing it with another woman is simply disgusting.”

Dominic had teased Ansandra out of jealousy, not because she had any lesbian inclinations.

Naja, on the other hand, was the leader of the flying dragon unit as well as Lorent’s mistress.

It was not that only women could ride flying dragons, but since women tended to be lighter than men, the flying dragon riders were primarily young girls.

And Naja would show special favors to the girls under her command she was fond of, but that had a troublesome tendency to develop into a lesbian relationship.

“Honestly.”

Lorent smiled bitterly and grabbed their breasts.

“I won’t tell you two to get along. You just have to get your respective jobs done. And leave Ansandra alone. I will take the world for myself and she is absolutely necessary for that right now.”

Naja and Dominic responded to him with satisfied nods.

“If you insist, I guess I can let her be your wife for the time being. But we all know I’m the best woman for you.”

“Even if the entire world turns against you, I will always be by your side.”

The two of them seemed intent on defeating Clanaria. They were thinking about the conflict between each other after that victory, but Lorent smiled as he held them in his arms.

“I will defeat Clanaria. And then I will hold the entire world in my hand!”

This period of war would later be known as the Age of the Gods when more than 50 kingdoms struggled for supremacy and a continent-wide dynasty had yet to be born.

Lorent was a man whose body burned with the dangerous desire to conquer the continent with military might. It was only natural that several women would serve him in bed.

“Ah, it’s recovered.”

“Oh, Your Majesty...”

As their lover’s ambition grew, Naja rejoiced and Dominic blushed.

Lorent pushed them onto the floor alongside each other and began fucking them each in turn as if to rid him of his hesitation.

“There is nothing wrong with war as long as I win. I will gladly accept the labels of inhuman and demonic. War is all about deceit. As long as you win and continue to win, then the glory, fortune, women, and justice will follow.”

Lorent was elated by the ambition burning hot in his heart, so he panted and continued fucking that feminine flesh with the force and intensity of a god of destruction splitting the heavens from the earth.

“I shall crush every one of those 50-odd kingdoms and conquer the world!”

The new version of the novel cut out a short bit from the end of this chapter, presumably to make time for the added elements. I might as well include that here:

“My sister, there’s cum flowing out of your pussy.”

At some point, Naja had crawled between Dominic’s legs with a mischievous smile on her face.

The womanly lips that had just been overrun by a man were an incredible sight. The flesh lips were red, swollen, and still sitting open. The pink clitoris was fully exposed from its hood. And an obscene mixture of love juices and semen flowed out from the exposed vagina.

“I think I’ll try a taste.”

Naja spread the still-swollen labia with her fingertips and slurped up some of the milky liquid within.

“Ahh.”

The new tongue assault was too powerful for the sensitive flesh.

“Ah...no, wait, no...stop this. You perverted girl. Didn’t I tell you I have no interest in women?”

Dominic tried to push Naja away, but her body refused to move so soon after orgasm. Plus, Dominic was a civil official while Naja was a warrior. Naja cleverly brushed off Dominic’s resistance and audibly sucked out the juices inside her vagina.

“N-no...ah, hahhn.”

“Phew, ahh... His Majesty’s cum is so deliciously bitter.”

Sucking at Dominic’s pussy brought a melting desire to Naja’s own pussy.

Her fingers naturally slipped inside her own panties and she found a hot liquid flowing out there.

A sudden idea came to her, so she licked the obscene fluids from her lips as she got up, removed her leather panties, spread her legs, and crouched in front of Dominic.

“Hey, hey. Do it to me this time.”

Dominic looked away in disgust, so Naja pushed even closer to the woman’s face.

“C’mon, c’mon. It’s full of His Majesty’s cum.”

The hot liquid flowing from deep within Naja’s pussy lips dripped down on Dominic’s face.

“His Majesty’s...”

“Yeah, yeah. There’s a whole bunch of His Majesty’s extra-thick semen in my pussy too. You can have as much of it as you want.”

The look in Dominic’s eyes changed at the mention of His Majesty’s semen. Naja’s crevice was of course soaked with pussy juices as well, but to someone as obsessed with Lorent as Dominic, that was a trivial matter. Dominic grabbed Naja’s tight butt, buried her face in Naja’s crotch, and began to suck.

“Nn, ahh...ahn. Y-yes, you’re good at this. Keep going, my sister.”

Naja and Dominic lay down, placed their head between each other’s thighs, and focused on noisily sucking the semen out of the other’s vagina.

Dominic was only focused on drinking Lorent’s cum, but her efforts felt good enough.

Once they had slurped out all of the semen and only love juices came out, Naja spun herself around and forcibly sealed Dominic’s thin lips with her own thick lips. She sucked at Dominic’s tongue to take back her own love juices and Lorent’s cum, mix her own saliva with it, exchange the contents of their mouths, and swallow it all.

“Don’t leave me out.”

Lorent thrust his hips from behind Naja. His massive cock buried itself in her ass and Naja let out a shriek as her head shot up.

“Agh, ah...”

Her entire body stiffened at what felt like a stake driven into her body. Once Lorent started thrusting his hips, she began wiggling her own hips.

“Ahh, My ass...my asshole feels so good. Ahh, my sister, don't look so sad. I feel bad being the only one, so I'll do it for you.”

Naja crawled down Dominic's body, stuck two fingers in her vagina and two in her anus, stirred up both holes, and licked at her flesh bud. Lorent started thrusting more wildly, the anal torment rid Naja of all rational thought, and she accidentally bit down on the clitoris.

“Wah.”

“Ahh.”

As Ansandra suffered the pain of her defloration and seriously worried about the futures of Clanaria and Domos, Lorent enjoyed a threesome.

Chapter 5 — Morning of the Wedding

“Long live Queen Ansandra!”

Cries of joy and celebration echoed across the gray stone walls and into the blue of the early morning sky.

This was the Domos royal capital of Fenrir.

On the royal palace’s thick stone balcony, the king held the Queen in his arm and introduced her to the kingdom.

In the sunlight of the northern kingdom’s short summer, Ansandra had the radiant beauty to match Lorent’s good looks, so the Domos people were more than satisfied emotionally.



And on a rational front, they celebrated the incalculable blessings she was sure to bring from the great neighboring kingdom of Clanaria.

For this bright day, Ansandra wore a wedding dress made so much silk and lace that it had supposedly taken 20 Clanarian weavers half a year to make.

The low-cut chest showed off her smooth throat, the curves of her shoulders, and her pretty collarbones. She gave off the kind of allure found in only the most beautiful girls and women.

She wore a small crown that the groom had prepared for the bride. Lorent had paid Celeste's great mineral craftsmen a fortune to create it and those craftsmen had used the greatest skills they possessed to impress their new ruler with the intricate work of platinum and jewels.

"She's so beautiful. Like a goddess of light."

“She’s so pretty... Like a doll.”

The celebrating Domos people were as impressed by the clothing as they were by the graceful smile and the golden hair glittering in the sunlight.

The ambitious young king squeezed the feminine roundness of his queen’s shoulder and whispered into her ear.

“You are indeed beautiful. But this is not the beauty your father is picturing back in the Clanarian capital of Curling. Do you know what’s changed?”

“...No.”

Ansandra replied curtly, so Lorent persistently explained to her.

“This is not the beauty of an innocent angel. You now have the scent of a woman who knows the taste of men. It is the sensual and obscene beauty of a fallen angel.”

Ansandra thought he might be right.

He fucked every day and every night. He was thorough and took his time, so there was no pain and plenty of pleasure. When he had first penetrated her, she had wept at the pain of defloration and she had felt a dull pain after that as well, but that pain had eventually left her and her body could only feel the pleasure.

“You are growing as a woman every day. You were especially cute last night. Your snow white skin was dyed a vivid red, you cried in the lovely voice of a small bird, and you produced nectar like a frozen mountain valley regaining its great current when the river melts in the spring sunlight. But I am sure you will be even better tomorrow.”

Ansandra breathed a heated sigh when she recalled her obscene behavior the night before.

A blindfold had been placed over her eyes and she had been stripped naked. She had felt so abandoned and forlorn. She could not remember how long she had been left there all alone, but she had cried and wondered why she had to suffer through this humiliation in a distant land.

But then she had felt great joy upon seeing Lorent again. And she had felt

whole again when he had put his dick inside her.

She had been overcome by such great arousal that she had been unable to think about anything else and she had cried all night while orgasming.

(Is this what it means to be a slave to the cock?)

Now that she knew that physical joy, she could not even think about living without Lorent.

“The more a woman sleeps with men, the better she becomes. The more she is fucked and pleased, the sharper her sensitivity grows. The more her body is caressed, the more fat grows in all the right places and the more pleasant she feels in your hands. The more her young and stiff breasts are groped, the softer and fuller they grow. The more cum she swallows, the softer and smoother her skin becomes. And the more her pussy indulges in the pleasure of a man, the more skillfully it learns to pleasure the man inside it.”

Ansandra grew intoxicated as he said all these dirty things to her as tens of thousands of people watched her.

The previous night rushed back to her. The hair he had stroked, the lips he had sucked, the tongue he had toyed with, the hips he had held, the breasts he had groped, the nipples he had bitten, the butt he had squeezed, the legs he had lifted, the pussy lips he had licked, the clit he had pinched, the spine he had curved, the vaginal flesh he had stirred up, and the womb he had pounded all recalled the tingling feminine pleasure that grew so sweet and intense as his cock had pulsated and pumped her full of his hot milk.

“Why is your face so red? Are you getting wet just imagining it?”

Ansandra frantically shook her head even as her mind sank into that sexual fantasy. But even that casual action was reminiscent of an aromatic flower.

Lorent’s eyes flashed.

“Oh, you really aren’t wet? Then let’s make a bet. If you aren’t wet, I will cancel my plans to invade Clanaria. If you are wet, you must be my faithful woman forevermore.”

“Eh...!?”

The king placed one arm below his new wife's thighs and one behind her back to pick her up and he carried her from the balcony to the powder room inside.

"Wh-what do you think you're doing!?"

Lorent continued walking despite the disappointed voices of the people who wanted to see them some more and the confused voices of the courtiers.

The puzzled bride was carried away in his arms and he finally placed her back on the floor in front of a large mirror.

"Now, how about we check?"

Lorent embraced her from behind and reached for her skirt made of many layers of lace.

"Please stop this!"

Ansandra frantically tried to hold the pure white skirt down with her hands, but he mercilessly lifted it, causing it to tear vertically.

The newly-made slit revealed seductive leg lines wearing white stockings held halfway up her thighs by a garter belt.

Ansandra desperately tried to hide herself in her embarrassment, but Lorent had torn the skirt and its contents were reflected in the mirror.

She wore beautiful white shoes. She had slender legs visible through white stockings. The white garter belt was attached to her milky white thighs and the pure white panties were visible above that.

Every piece of clothing was unbelievably detailed and expensive.

The white shoes had gold thread woven in and even glittered with pearls. The stockings were so sheer they seemed woven out of dragonfly wings. The panties were bikini style with an intricate flower pattern in openwork.

They were all so provocative and elegant. Ever since Ansandra and Lorent began enjoying daily love affairs, her faithful maids had begun preparing things like this for her without being asked.

And despite wearing such sensual underwear, Ansandra still wore the panties below the garter belt.

A stylish woman would wear the panties over the garter belt, but she was likely reluctant to wear them in such a sexual way. That mismatch seemed to speak to the state in which Ansandra found herself.

“Heh heh heh... See, you are wet.”

The crotch of the silk panties had a blatant stain from absorbing a clear liquid and Lorent used his rough fingertips to torment that embarrassing stain.

“Looks like I win the bet. Or are you going to claim this is pee?”

“Ahh, no...”

Her slender body trembled in shame as Lorent held her from behind. He could feel her body heat and her burning lust through the dress.

He enjoyed that as he placed his index, middle, and ring finger over her pussy lips and began gently rubbing them through the thin white silk.

“Ahhhn, hhhn...”

He knew just where to touch her, so her pure and noble face twisted in sensual pleasure, strength left her limbs, her body arched back, and she rested her head in Lorent’s chest.

He continued rubbing her pussy and used his other hand to grope her breasts through the wedding dress.

“Hyah, no...don’t, ahn. P-please stop this... P-people will, ah, see us here.”

They would only officially become husband and wife today, but they had already spent a month getting to know each other very well physically. She was not about to bring up chastity now, but this was in the middle of their wedding.

Lorent smiled at his bride’s seductive resistance, stuck his hand into the chest of her dress, enjoyed the sensation of the sensitive flesh below, and then tore the dress.

The pure white wedding dress was rent in a large V-shape down from the chest and her twin breasts bounced out from the gap.

The beautiful breasts were full of youth and the nipples were already hard and standing in defiance of gravity.

The man's large hand rubbed all around one milk white breast and slowly climbed toward the red fruit at the peak.

He kissed the nape of her neck, fondled her breasts, and caressed her pussy through the thin material. Ansandra had given up resisting, so she entrusted herself to her cruel husband's arms, her eyes fogged over, and she released sweet nasal moans.

"Ahh, hahh...no...hahh, ah...ah..."

What had started as a small stain had grown to a large lake. The cloth grew transparent and plastered itself to her flesh, revealing the shape of the lips below. That allowed Lorent's fingers to accurately massage the soft flesh even through the thin fabric.

"It's like a flood down here. This thin fabric can't absorb it all, so it's leaking down to your thighs too. It almost looks like you pissed yourself."

He was telling the truth. Ansandra was shocked by the indecent reflection she saw in the mirror.

(When did I become such a naughty girl?)

She could not believe what her own body was doing. The slightest stimulation caused her body to produce a veritable fountain of shameful juices, as if it had broken.

"Hee...!?"

Ansandra's embarrassment and confusion were cut off by a short screech from her own mouth.

Lorent's hand had grabbed the front of her panties and pulled them upwards. The crotch dug deep into her slit.

"Hee... P-please stop..."

She stood on her tiptoes and pleaded with him.

The pressure on her crotch was painful and her butt had been split apart and fully exposed from the panties. The thin and soaked silk also mercilessly worked its way into the gap between the two swollen lips and pressed on her clitoris.

Lorent continued to pull up on the panties while his other hand squeezed her breast, her areola, and then her nipple.

“Ahhhh.”

Ansandra’s face looked all the more beautiful when compared to the body wearing only a brilliant crown and the remaining scraps of a wedding dress.

Her eyes were red from embarrassment, her throat was skinny enough to throttle with a single hand, her collarbones formed a pretty indentation, her shoulders were slender, her breasts were youthfully perky, her waist was slim, her hips were still in the process of growing, and the sexy underwear that topped it all off like a ribbon was mercilessly digging into her hidden slit.

The cloth only formed a vertical line at this point, so golden hair and swollen lips were forced out on either side. The hot drops flowing out reached her inner thighs and left a wet stain on the white stockings.

When she saw herself in the mirror, Ansandra harshly scolded herself: “Oh, how indecent. I’m such a horny girl. I’m completely shameless. I have no right to call myself a royal looking like this.” But she also grew masochistically intoxicated: “Ahh, it almost looks like I’m wearing restraints.”

“All women are narcissists. They love seeing their horniness in the midst of their love affairs. Once they see it, they will stare unblinking at it even as they writhe from embarrassment.”



After having his say, Lorent finally released the panties and Ansandra breathed a sigh of relief. But that sigh proved premature.

“Ah...ahn.”

“You truly are beautiful. The aroused body of Domos Queen Ansandra is a sight worth seeing.”

This time, he slipped his fingers down her lower stomach and into her panties. He found a heated swamp inside.

His rough fingers rubbed across her pubic hair, enjoyed the soft sensation, smeared the love juices around, and intentionally produced obscenely wet sounds.

“Ahh, no...”

The reflection in the mirror showed his fingers dancing complexly inside the

panties. It was an unbearably indecent sight.

And his fingers found something inside that lewd wetness.

“Ah, ahh...ahn...”

His fingers intentionally flicked her hardened and springy clit.

The stimulation to that sensitive organ triggered sparks of pleasure deep in Ansandra’s eyes and love juices gushed from her.

“You’re absolutely soaked. What a naughty girl. I’ve slept with a lot of women, but none that got as wet as you. Are you special, or are all Clanarian women like this?”

Ansandra lacked the knowledge and was too embarrassed to answer that question. But Lorent was never expecting an answer. He was only trying to embarrass his new wife.

The way she trembled in shame was what he liked best about her. The women of Domos were very open sexually, so neither Naja nor Dominic behaved like this.

“Ha ha. Really, maybe I should figure out just how much love juices my queen has inside her.”

“Ah...no.”

The beautiful princess tried to close her legs to resist, but Lorent tore away the garter belts and stripped off her panties.

After removing the panties from her ankles, he tossed them casually behind him where they hit the floor with a wet splat.

With the breakwater gone, the love juices soaked her white stockings down to her ankles.

Ansandra tried to press her thighs together to control the overflowing love juices as much as possible, but before she could, Lorent placed his fingers on either side of her aroused and swollen pussy lips. Then he parted both the outer and inner lips.

“St-stop... Don’t spread those...if you do...ahhh...”

The lips were spread in a gorgeous diamond shape.

Anyone who saw it would be surprised that such a cute girl's pussy lips could be spread so wide.

The swollen flesh twitched against her will and the endless flow of sex juices dripped to the floor instead of down her thighs.

"You can see that, can't you? This is your horny pussy."

"Uuh...pant, pant...You're so mean...uuh..."

Ansandra had an eye for aesthetics and she had difficulty using the word "beautiful" to describe the grotesque body part she saw in the mirror.

Unlike men, a woman's sex organ was inside her body, so she needed a mirror to see it. That meant this was more or less the first time Ansandra had seen inside her hidden lips. With her sheltered upbringing, she had never wanted to look directly at that part of her body.

The intense embarrassment sent tears spilling from her eyes. If she truly did not want to see, she could have shut her eyes, but she was so entranced that she forgot to blink.

"Heh."

Lorent laughed coldly and spread each of the soft folds of flesh as Ansandra watched. He finally reached the bottom of the valley and found the feminine hole just below the center. And he spread that as well.

But this was not an empty cave. It looked like it had several layers of red clams packed inside and they were all wriggling and pushing at each other. Ansandra realized that was her own body's movement.

Seeing it visually brought her focus to the movement of that vaginal flesh. Her body had been made to accept a man inside and it was throwing a tantrum in its desire for one now.

"Heh heh. It's moving all around, isn't it? What an indecent sight."

"No...no..."

Lorent cruelly asked for her agreement and Ansandra looked away and quietly

pleaded with him.

She could barely breathe she was so embarrassed and that further aroused the man's sadism.

"But since you're *this* wet, maybe it is piss. But Princess Ansandra's wisdom is known in all the neighboring kingdoms, so I doubt she would do anything so crude..."

"P-please stop. Please don't say that. It's embarrassing..."

"Oh? Then do you admit that this is your love juices? Then as a reward, I have some good news for you. When I shove my dick in that twitching and begging hole of yours, you'll start moving your hips and shouting about how good it feels just like always."

Her nectar-soaked hidden slit was spread as wide as it would go. Lorent stuck his middle finger deep inside the small nectar hole within and stirred up the flesh decorating the interior without looking inside.

"Ahn, ahn ahn, no."

Ansandra threw back her head, moaned, and writhed in an undeniably erotic way. She stimulated Lorent's male desire, but he did not rush and added his index finger inside as well.

"Hahhn...ahahn, ahn, ahn, uhn, ahn ahn."

He enjoyed the pleasant pressure provided by her vagina as he alternately moved his two fingers in the entrance and produced an obscenely wet sound with all her love juices.

"Pant, pant, pant... No, ah...ah, nooooo..."

The princess was aroused by the fingers tormenting her agonized honeypot, but this was insufficient for a girl who had already been instilled with cocklust.

"Ahh, hn, nn... Your Majesty, please...hah, ahh..."

Ansandra's cheeks were dyed pink and her breaths were heated and damp.

Sexual pleasure rocked her body until she felt dizzy. She knew well that she was not drunk, sleepy, or experiencing an earthquake.

She had never felt this desire a few months before, but it now ruled her body.

Her body was 100% prepared now. It already knew how wonderful a man felt, so she needed an erection inside her immediately.

Her desire for a man was about to drive her insane, and yet she still refused to beg.

“You look like you want to say something. Just give it a whisper. I might just give you what you want.”

Lorent’s cruel question led the beautiful princess to bite her coral-like lower lip to bear with the humiliation.

She still had her pride. She had been raised and educated as a proper lady, so she could not say she wanted this.

“What’s wrong? You want a man, don’t you? If you do, then just say so.”

Lorent was well aware her heart was wavering in the gap between lust and pride, so he stuck his erection between her butt cheeks and rubbed up and down.

“...Ahh.”

When Ansandra realized what the hot and hard object was sticking between her butt cheeks, even her ears grew red and even more longing filled her breathing.

“Try begging for it with some dirty words for once. You’ve spied on me doing it with Naja, so you must know how.”

“Pant, pant... Spied on you? I wouldn’t...”

Blushing Ansandra shook her head.

“What else would you call it? And Naja’s something of an exhibitionist, so she’s been even more gung ho than usual. It’s been causing some problems.”

“No... Y-you and the Flying Dragon General have been intentionally doing it where I’ll see...ahhh.”

As they spoke, he continued his thorough fingering of her and his warmth on her back built her desire to unbearable levels.

She could think of nothing other than the manhood held between her butt cheeks.

“Well, that is true. Now, say something that will get me rock hard and want to penetrate you. You won’t get it until you do.”

“B-but...”

Aren’t you already plenty hard? So please put it in me and bring me so much pleasure. She earnestly thought those words, but she could never bring herself to say something so indecent.

Her eyes were damp and her face sweaty and flushed like she had a high fever. Her flower petal lips were longingly parted and hot breaths escaped through them. She pleaded Lorent’s reflection in the mirror, hoping he would realize how horny she was from her expression instead of her words.

“Can you not wait a moment longer, my queen? You’re dripping with juices and you clearly want it badly, so all you have to do is open your mouth and beg. Just say it.”

He scooped up the womanly nectar on his fingers and brought it to her mouth.

“Nn, nnnn.”

Since he refused to push his dick through her pussy lips, Ansandra used her round and curved lips to alluringly and obscenely suck at his fingers.

She was entranced watching herself sucking his fingers like she was giving a blowjob.

“Heh heh heh... Whenever you put a woman before a mirror, she seems to put on an act to make herself look more beautiful and more obscene. Can you move your lips more smoothly now that I’ve oiled them for you?”

The fingers in her mouth wrapped around her tongue and stirred up the back of her front teeth, her back teeth, and her upper jaw before pulling out.

A thick string of saliva mixed with shameful juices spanned the gap between her fingertips and her half-opened and glistening red lips.

The face of the girl in the mirror was trembling in desire and looked like it

belonged to the horniest slut imaginable. Ansandra focused on the indescribably immoral beauty in that as she finally succumbed to her desire.

“...Put it in...”

“I can’t hear you.”

When he scolded her, Ansandra cowered down but then raised her jaw in desperation, revealed her white throat, and shouted tearfully.

“Ahhhhh! Please put your thick, long, and manly cock inside me and pound on my womb!”

Even she was amazed at what she had said. A wild smile came to Lorent’s lips as he looked down at her.

“Pound on your womb, huh? It’s hackneyed and not very creative, but everyone has to start somewhere. Fine then. Pound your womb I shall.”

After giving his approval, Lorent spread Ansandra’s white thighs and lifted them up.

“Eh?”

Ansandra cried out in confusion and surprise when she saw herself in the mirror floating in midair with her legs spread.

He lifted up her thighs from behind and spread her legs wide. Her pussy lips glistened with love juices and even her anus was visible. She looked a lot like a little girl being held up to pee. Below her, the massive flesh tower rose up to pierce the heavens.

The head pressed against the flesh gate.

“Ah...ahh...ahhhh...”

Her flesh produced an embarrassingly wet noise as it welcomed in the man and Ansandra stared at the image in the mirror enough to burn it into her retinas.

“See, I put it in just like you wanted. You can see, can’t you?”

The mirror showed the thick cock deeply penetrating her spread hidden lips.

Her flesh bud had poked out from its hood, her vulva was puffy and swollen,

and the internal flesh was moving.

And each time his penis thrust in and out, some of the red flesh pulled out, revealing her insides. The indecent fluid gushed out, flowed down his rod to his balls, and then dripped to the floor.

“This...this...this is too much...”

Ansandra could say nothing else as she was charmed by her own horniness reflected in the mirror.

She had been thoroughly tormented, humiliated, and teased before finally being united with him. Her vagina writhed pleasantly as it accepted the man. Just a month before, Ansandra had never even experienced this pleasure, but she had since grown into a girl who could feel vaginal pleasure.

Her heart and body were separated. She was so embarrassed she thought she would to die, but she also felt so good she thought she would die.

(I have something that thick inside me...)

The visual aspect lured the proud princess to even greater arousal.

“Ahh, ahhn, hahhn...”

She had a glittering crown on her head and the tatters of a wedding dress on her body as she was lifted up from behind, had her legs spread, and had a thick cock pierce her.

That tear-damp allure had an artistic beauty to it.

(Ahh... I can't believe how amazingly indecent I look. It's too much. My pussy is absolutely flooded and my clit is so swollen. It's so very lewd. I can't believe I've turned into such a lewd girl. My face is so red and I'm gasping like I can't get enough air. Ahh, how can this be? I'm drooling with a look of ecstasy on my face. I look so pathetic... But I can't help it. It really does feel that good. My mind goes blank when he puts his thing inside me. Ahh, it's so amazing. Does it make me a slut to like it this much? Yes, it must. What else could you call someone like this...?)

Ansandra's passion burned as she watched her sexual behavior in the mirror. Her eyes opened wide, yet she could not see properly.

The inner lips were dyed a deep pink. This was known as sex skin. Once this happened, a woman had a straight shot toward orgasm as long as the man continued stimulating her. Ansandra lost herself in the pleasure.

“Hahh, ahn, ahhn, hah, ahn, nn, hah, ahn, hah, hah...”

“You certainly seem to be enjoying this.”

As she rose steadily toward orgasm, he suddenly lowered her body and removed his penis. He kept only the head just barely inside her vagina.

“Ah, wait, no... Please don’t stop... Forgive me, please forgive me.”

Having it taken away from her now was too much even for Ansandra. She abandoned all thought about shame and appearances to stick her butt out like a common whore. Lorent pulled back further. While pathetically crouched over, Ansandra clung to the mirror and cried.

“Ahh... Please put it in. Put it inside me...”

“Heh heh. You really do get bold in front of the mirror.”

Lorent looked exasperated and he embraced her from behind as he gave an order.

“Say you love me. If you do, I’ll jam it back in. I’ll jam it in deep enough to reach your womb.”

Those words surprised her. She realized this man had slept with her, fucked her, and driven her to humiliatingly powerful climaxes, but she had never once said she loved him.

“You are like ice. I show you so much love and yet you refuse to open your heart to me. Your body has grown hot and melted, so open your heart. I need your assistance.”

Lorent’s left hand held her so her hips would not give out below her and his other hand held the base of his dick so he could rub her soaked flesh with the tip.

“Say you love me. Say you love King Lorent.”

“Hee... Why...now...?”

Her body cried out at how sensitive it was so close to orgasm and she gulped.

She was even tenser than when she had begged for the cock.

She was afraid of having him steal her heart instead of just her body.

He kissed the nape of her neck and eyes bright with ambition stared at her eyes through the mirror.

Reflected in the mirror, her nude body was dyed a bright pink, filled with embarrassment and tension, and trembling with lust. Her sensually wet lips parted.

“...Y-...you...demon.”

Lorent held her so tightly her body protested and he asked a question with a cruelly thin smile on his lips.

“Do you hate demons?”

She answered him while staring at the sanpaku eyes in the mirror.

“No, I’ve fallen under a demon’s spell. I love the man who intends to take my pride and my home kingdom from me. Everywhere he touches me burns hot and I grow wet when he so much as looks at me... The demon’s poison has filled me down to the marrow of my bones. I will stay with the demon wherever he might go.”

Lorent’s manly good looks and iron will gave him a powerful charisma. People feared him and yet were drawn to him like they had fallen under a demon’s spell.

Each time he wrapped his arms around her, whispered false love in her ear, thoroughly caressed her, penetrated her with his impressive erection, and covered her with his hot cum, she was filled with poison. It seemed to have permeated her heart, her skin, and every last one of her hairs.

She wanted to see the same dream he did. Even as his wife, she could not expect a doting husband’s kindness. But instead, he was sure to be satisfying as a man.

And that was true more than just physically. If she was with him, she was sure to see a world she could see with no one else and live a life she could

experience with no one else. She could predict great sorrow and pain from this choice, but she could not resist the temptation.

She twisted her upper body around to ask for a kiss. She loved kissing. Sex gave her pleasure, but kissing gave her calm. Even if she knew it was based on a lie, she still loved kissing.

Lorent answered his new wife's first direct request for a kiss.

"Mn...mn, mn..."

Once the kiss was over, Ansandra looked directly into her new husband's black eyes and whispered to him.

"I love you. I will be the conqueror's wife."

Lorent broke out into a full-faced smile when he heard that.

"Heh heh. Well said. Ansandra, you really are cute. Here's your reward."

The rod wet with love nectar plunged deep into her vagina. Plus, he lifted up her thighs once more and vigorously moved her entire body up and down.

"Kyahn! N-no, ah, ahn...hee...khahhhh!"

As his wildly thrusting flesh sword stirred up her honeypot, Ansandra cried out madly.

"Ahhh, Your Majesty, ahhh!"





In the mirror, she was pierced by the man, her brow wrinkled, and foaming drool leaked from the corners of her mouth. Her melted expression was that of a horny woman who obeyed only the throbbing of her body.

Her breasts were not all that large, but they were fully tensed and dancing up and down.

Each time the cock moved in and out of her, her love juices sprayed out and splattered onto the mirror.

“Ah...hahhhhn, harder, fuck me harder, harder, ah, ah, I can feel you in the deepest part of my body...ahhhh, yes, so deep, hwah, ah...so deep, nn...you’re... hah...ah, so deep, kwah...hh... Ahh. Yes, my womb...I can feel you in my womb.”

More than 100 courtiers were waiting in the room neighboring the one

echoing with indescribably obscene moans.

A royal's wedding was planned out down to the second. There was simply no room left for the bride and groom to have any personal time. And there was certainly not enough for a round of sex.

Unable to continue with the wedding, the courtiers were forced to listen to the bride and groom's unrestrained moans as they waited for their master to finish.

"Honestly, our king is such a lecher. How embarrassing."

"Really, now. The young are so wild. Oh ho ho ho ho."

Lorent's former tutor Stephan and Ansandra's head maid Granmars blushed and waited for their masters to finish their lovemaking.

"Ah, aheeeeeeeeeeee...."

"Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh..."

Through the door, they heard what sounded like a death cry from the woman and a roar from the man, so it seemed the young couple was finished.

The elderly courtiers were relieved that they could get on with the wedding, and the younger women dressed up for the wedding walked forward.

"Honestly, His Majesty is hopeless."

"We'll go give him a talking to."

Naja and Dominic gave each other a meaningful nod and entered the powder room.

"Wait, what are you two doing!?"

Head Maid Granmars tried to stop them, but more and more ladies in fancy dresses followed. This included a daughter of old Celeste nobility; Lumishas, the heir of Sulbey's last king; and even Linda, Stephan's granddaughter.

Granmars finally looked to Stephan for an explanation.

The old general who had been the king's tutor started sweating and reluctantly opened his mouth.

“I am sorry. Everyone who just walked in there is a woman His Majesty has... um...laid hands on.”

“My...”

Dumbfounded, the head maid watched the door as a true battlefield unfolded within.

“Wait just a minute, all of yooooooooou!!”

Lorent was shaken for once and his voice could be heard even outside the room.

“I can’t believe all of you...”

Stripped naked and sprawled out on the floor, Lorent was covered in women.

Beautiful (and quite naked) women grabbed at every inch of his body, licked his nipples, licked his armpits, pressed their sizable breasts against him, and rubbed their wet pussy lips against him.

Lorent could likely push them away with his great strength, but he chose not to.

“You took all of our virginities, so we’re not going to let you just have a happy married life.”

Naja had mounted Lorent’s face and she rubbed her pussy lips against him. This was known as facesitting.

“Delicious... Your Majesty, your cock is delicious♪”

Dominic was letting her jealousy show as she licked Lorent’s rod.

Just as Ansandra had finished having sex with Lorent, this army of women had appeared and pushed her husband to the floor. She leaned back against the mirror in a daze, but when she finally realized what was going on, she placed a hand over her mouth and giggled.

“Your Majesty, you’re so cute♪”

Seeing him overwhelmed by the attack of jealous women made her feel much closer to her husband than ever before.

He had seemed like a frightening conqueror until now, but this reminded her that he was only human no matter what he might like to pretend.

She had prepared herself to be the conqueror's queen and now she felt herself drawn to Lorent as a human as well. Without thinking, she leaned forward and asked a question.

"May I join in?"

"Sure...go right ahead."

His dignity as a conqueror meant nothing when it came to women. He replied casually and Ansandra joined the swarm of horny women.

"Then I shall."

She crawled over with semen dripping from her honeypot and joined the other women in licking Lorent's dick.

"..."

Dominic looked displeased, but Ansandra pretended not to notice and licked alongside her.

Furthermore, she copied and stole Dominic's technique.

Dominic and Ansandra seemed to compete with each other as they licked with the passion of a kitten given milk.

She found it irresistibly adorable how her husband shook with pleasure.

And all the women seemed to share that feeling.

Ansandra, Naja, Dominic, and the other women Ansandra did not know all gained looks of ecstasy as they attacked Lorent.

This conqueror filled the world with awe and fear, but he was defenseless in their hands here.

Only the women who had received his love could see him like this, so a sense of superiority sweetly filled their bodies.

"Kh..."

He groaned as his thick penis twitched.

Precum dripped from the tip like nectar meant to lure in the women.

“Pant, pant. Wow...”

The beautifully but unbearably horny women wiggled their hips in their desire to have it inside them. Some of them began masturbating while pleasuring him.

Thanks to that, a stifling feminine scent filled the room.

Naja teased him while rubbing her crotch on his face.

“Oh, c’mon, Your Majesty. You just came, but its already throbbing so much♪”

“I don’t want to hear that from someone rubbing her drenched pussy on me.”

Lorent’s usual calm was absent from his voice. Ansandra was turned on by the new experience as she listened to the conversation and passionately licked his penis.

(Wow. I can feel the balls moving inside the sack...)

She had lived a life full of sex ever since meeting him, but she had always been on the receiving end and had never actively pleased him.

She made sure to observe his manhood as much as she could.

(How cute♪I never knew dicks were so adorable.)

As her womanly instincts awoke inside her, Ansandra kissed his balls and then brought them into her mouth.

She enjoyed toying with their texture.

Naja spoke up in exasperation when she saw it.

“Looks like His Majesty got his wish. That girl’s turned into quite the slut.”

“Oh? But servicing her husband’s cock is a wife’s greatest joy.”

“I see you’ve learned how to fight the war of words.”

Those sand-colored eyes narrowed. Blue ones looked boldly back up at her and sparks flew with the towering erection between them.

But while those two fought their battle, Dominic had gone mad with desire and asked a question while lovingly rubbing the rod.

“King Lorent, are you ready to cum now?”

“Yes, please. This is a bit much even for me. Today’s schedule is still packed full of official duties, so let’s get this over with.”

Naja did not like Lorent’s answer.

“Oh, is that so? Hmm, so you put politics above pussy.”

With that disagreeable comment, she pushed down with her hips.

“Kh, wait, wait, Naja. I-I can’t breathe...”



She had apparently sealed his mouth and nose with her pussy, so Lorent struggled.

The title of conqueror was ruined by scenes like this.

Each arm and leg had a different woman holding it down and he writhed in

pleasure as they licked at his nipples and armpits.

He was truly at the mercy of the women.

Ansandra was enjoying this more and more, so she gently licked up his shaft and then licked the head.

“Kwah...!”

Following their queen’s example, several other women used their wet tongues to lick at the head from every direction.

(Ah, he’s about to cum. So this is what it does just before he cums.)

Her crotch grew restless as she recalled the many times he had cum inside her.

(Ahh...I want it. I want his hot milk inside me...)

She earnestly thought that even with some of the hot remnants still inside her, so the other women had to desire it all the more.

The ladies with wet pussies blushed and breathed heated sighs as they focused on licking all over the head.

“Kh!”

Just as the man groaned, his penis exploded.

The white milky liquid flew high, like a rising dragon.

The horny women watched it in ecstasy, but it was never going to end there.

“Ahh, I can’t wait any longer. I’ll be taking that.”

Naja grabbed the cock that had just finished ejaculating and started stroking it to force it back to hardness. Then she quickly shifted from facesitting to the cowgirl position.

“Ahh, no fair, Naja!”

The other women protested and a women-on-man gang rape began.

The entire kingdom was celebrating. Even if the stars had briefly left, the festivities had only grown, but the excitement reached a fever pitch when

Lorent and Ansandra returned before the crowd that afternoon.

“Domos King Lorent!”

“Domos Queen Ansandra!”

Did anyone there notice that the queen seemed to have been reborn into a woman even more bewitching and lovely than she had been that morning? Ansandra at least was aware of it.

(I am his wife and I will stay by his side until death do us part.)

With that resolution in her heart, she looked up at her beloved husband’s face.

He looked a little tired, but the crowd was not bothered by that. For one thing, the bride was the true star of this wedding.

From there, the wedding continued without a hitch and the officials in charge breathed a sigh of relief. But when the western sky grew blood red, the sun sank, and a raucous and alcohol-fueled party began for the night, another unplanned action occurred.

Lorent’s eyes transformed from those of a handsome young man to the dangerous and piercing ones of an ambitious man as he urged one of his mistresses forward.

When Ansandra saw the woman in a green official’s outfit step up onto the podium, her pulse, lungs, and inner ear malfunctioned and she grabbed at Lorent’s left arm.

“Domos Queen Ansandra wishes to also take the throne as queen of her home kingdom of Clanaria and her husband Domos King Lorent will fully support her in this endeavor.”

Dominic’s announcement rang loud.

As queen of Domos, Ansandra was seeking the Clanarian throne. That was tantamount to a declaration of war against Clanaria.

The celebratory cheers were temporarily quieted and silence fell as if everyone was holding their breath. Then fiercely wild voices exploded out.

“Clanaria shall belong to Domos!”

The Domos people had been itching for a new target ever since conquering Sulbey. Lorent had created a people that preferred war to peace.

(I will follow him wherever he might go. Will I go down in history as the queen of the conqueror who grasped the entire continent in his fist? Or will he meet the cruel fate of a foolish dreamer who did not know his place?)

Ansandra had made the tragic choice to make an enemy of her home kingdom, her parents, her sister, her best friend, and so much more. She looked up at the groom who had forced this harsh destiny onto her.

“Your Majesty, please take Clanaria.”

“Yes, Clanaria is first. And then I will continue unto the ends of the world.”

Ansandra exchanged a glance with her husband and she kept her next thought unsaid.

(I wonder where Mimi is right now. Has she arrived safely in Curling? ...If this is a complete surprise attack, will the Domos army actually have a chance of winning?)

At that time, the Clanarian courtiers had received a report from Head Maid Granmars and the others who had accompanied Ansandra: “The princess and the Domos king are getting along extremely well. They have been intimate every day since we arrived in Fenrir without rest.”

“Well, it would seem Princess Ansandra is getting along well. The north should be safe for a while now.”

Most of the senior officials breathed a sigh of relief that they had chosen Princess Ansandra over Princess Virginia.

An urgent message arrived early in the morning on the very day that Domos was likely holding a magnificent party.

It was brought by Mimi. She was the same age as Ansandra and she was known as the princess’s favorite maid.

“What brings you to me, Mimi!?”

She had come to Lucy, the only daughter of Clanaria’s General Albare.

“Lady Lucy, it’s an emergency.”

Tears spilled from Mimi’s eyes as she leapt into Lucy’s chest.

“What happened, Mimi?”

Surprised, Lucy accepted the girl’s body and rubbed her back.

Mimi rubbed her cheek against Lucy’s plump boobs and described her adventure that brought both listener and speaker to tears.

After she was given an important mission from her master, Mimi had done as Ansandra asked and visited a Clanarian merchant in Fenrir’s castle town.

With the approaching marriage of the princess, it was assumed the Clanarian royal family and the Domos royal family would grow closer and they would ensure the safety of the routes between the two kingdoms, so merchants had quickly started moving between them.

“Um... I’d like to go to the Clanarian capital of Curling...”

Mimi’s hesitant request had made her seem like a girl who had run away from home, so the merchant had been unsure what to do. But when Mimi had given her identity, she had explained that she had received sudden word that her mother had fallen ill and she had to return home immediately.

Mimi was capable of putting on that much of an act. But in this case, it was the audience more than the actor that got lost in the performance.

“Well, we have to do something about that.”

No matter how the world changed, kind men would always have a weakness for pure-seeming girls. After joining the merchant group, Mimi easily slipped past the watchful eyes Dominic had surely set in place and she escaped Domos.

The merchant group had plenty of kind men and they had spoiled her, so the journey had been even more comfortable than the one to Domos, except for the shaking of the cheap wagon hurting her butt a little.

She had originally been a merchant’s daughter, so she fit in quite well.

“Ohhh, so you’re Legins’s little sister?”

“You know my brother?”

Mimi was surprised and the merchant emotionally explained further.

“Yeah, he’s young but really skilled. He’s definitely going places.”

“Hmm, is that so?”

Even if he was just being polite, she enjoyed having her family praised.

Mimi was in a good mood as they left Domos, passed through the mountains of Celeste, and entered Sulbey.

The weather grew a lot warmer and the terrain started looking a lot more like home. And as she munched on the black bread she had been given for lunch, she heard something slicing through the air.

“Oh, what’s that?”

When Mimi looked outside to figure out what was causing the noise, she found an arrow sticking out of the chest of a mercenary they had hired for protection. He fell from his horse.

It was a bandit attack. When Mimi realized what was happening, she moved to the back of the wagon, grabbed a thick blanket, threw it over her head, curled up, squeezed her eyes shut, and covered her ears.

This girl was completely useless in an emergency. Then again, she only good for her cheerful attitude even during normal times.

But hiding from reality did not make reality go away, so the mercenaries and merchants fought bravely. But after a fierce fight with the bandits, the leader of the merchant group accepted defeat and surrendered.

“Hey, there’s a girl hiding here.”

“Kyah! No, don’t touch me.”

Mimi was eventually found in hiding and dragged out.

“Oh, you’re wearing some nice clothes. And you’re still only a kid, but you’ve got some nice tits and ass on you.”

The stubbly young man who seemed to lead the bandits walked over and made an unbelievable suggestion.

“We haven’t been blessed with a woman in a while. How about we all enjoy her together?”

Mimi stared. She was of course a virgin, but working as a maid in the royal palace meant she had heard talk of many inappropriate things. The number of bandits seemed inadequate for attacking a merchant group, but it was far too many for a single girl to handle. She would die.

Mimi turned tail and ran without a second thought, but the bandits did not let her escape.

In no time, she had each of her 4 limbs held down by a different man while she was laid down on the ground.

She was an innocent-faced girl, but her body was incredibly well-developed. It was partially thanks to her bra, but the mounds of her breasts remained impressive even when lying on her back.

One of the bandits holding her down grabbed her tits through the blouse and let out an excited cry when he felt the soft flesh barely contained in the bra cups.

They pulled up her skirt to reveal her healthy and fleshy thighs and the white panties with a small yellow ribbon that contained her full and feminine hips.

The bandits forcibly took away her cotton panties. A small gap covered in a slight tuft of hair was exposed. Despite the puffy fleshiness, the slit was tightly closed and none of the internal frills could be seen. This only made her look even more childlike. However, the puffy mound was quite something.



“Looks delicious.”

The bandits exchanged satisfied grins before spreading Mimi’s legs. Their stubbly leader reached out and parted the somewhat darker colored flesh fruit.

The girl’s precious and unused hidden flesh was exposed to the light of the sun.

“Wahhhh...”

Mimi finally started to cry. She could only cry at times like this. She simply wailed at the top of her lungs like a child.

This ruined the mood. One of the bandits shouted “pipe down” and prepared to slap her, but as she sobbed, Mimi shouted something unbelievable.

“So this is the moment when Clanaria is destroyed. And at the hands of some ignorant bandits. Oh...I’m so sorry, princess. I failed to complete your

instructions. Wahhh...”

The bandit who had raised his arm to strike her cheek stopped and the ones holding her arms and legs or standing around watching also looked at the girl in surprise instead of lust.

“Hey, Volk...”

The man named Volk was the one spreading Mimi’s pussy so all the bandits could see, but he pulled his hand back and ordered the other bandits to release Mimi. He then awkwardly cleared his throat and politely asked a question after suddenly growing more gentlemanly.

“Sob, sob...”

But even if the bandits’ behavior changed, the girl’s emotions were not calmed so easily after being put in danger.

One of the bandits handed Mimi a scrap of cloth. She tearfully thanked him, wiped her face off and even blew her nose into it, but only then did she realize it was her own panties. She started crying even more, so the bandits quickly threatened the merchants into bringing them some brand new lady’s underwear. After taking those, Mimi belatedly started worrying about her skirt as she put the panties on. After finally calming down, she revealed who she was and the secret mission Ansandra had given her despite her fear of the bearded bandits.

The bandits were not the only ones shocked by that information. The captured merchants had never imagined such a cute and harmless-looking girl carried such an important mission. But the scale was too great to brag about.

When the bandits had heard her out, they began to explain who they were.

“We used to be Sulbey’s knights. But after Domos conquered Sulbey, we’ve been out of a job and had to resort to banditry. We attacked this Clanarian group because we’d heard Clanaria was allied with Domos now. But if Clanaria is going to war with Domos, then we want to help.”

The former Sulbey knights went out of their way to take the girl to Curling.

Mimi gestured wildly as she explained the adventures she had on the way and

Lucy was unable to get a word in edgewise. When Mimi had finally finished her story and took a breath, Lucy coldly asked a question.

“So why did Princess Ansandra send you here?”

“Oh, right. It’s an emergency! Domos is using the princess’s marriage as an excuse to invade Clanaria!”

“What? Why wasn’t that the very first thing you said!?”

Lucy scolded this secret messenger for burying the lede, but now that she knew the urgency of the situation, she immediately reported to her father, General Albare.

“I never imagined they would use the princess’s position in the line of succession to give them a reason for war.”

Albare held a hand to his prominent jaw as he thought, but he did not think for long. He immediately reported to King Baldwin and sent scouts to the Domos border to discover the truth of the matter.

When the king received word, he immediately held a meeting with his royal council. As they discussed countermeasures, the royal council was split over how they should fight back.

“Domos’s action is indeed unexpected, but that is a sign that they have not adequately prepared. We should move the villagers and townsfolk to better protected fortresses to fortify ourselves for the attack. The Domos army will likely lack provisions, so they will have to withdraw in the near future. If we strike back then, they will easily fall. There is no need to make a stand before the starving wolf.”

That was General Albare’s opinion, but Prime Minister Stuart disagreed.

“Do that and they will burn our fields. In the worst case, we would have to give up on almost all of this year’s harvest. Many people would starve come winter. If we cannot keep our people safe, people will question our ability to rule. The enemy will be exhausted from their long march to an unfamiliar land. We should drive back the lawless invaders at the border to demonstrate Clanaria’s power to our people and to the other kingdoms.”

As a military expert, Albare advocated a long-term strategy. As an economic expert, Stuart advocated a short-term strategy. Both of their opinions seemed correct.

The warriors and the politicians rarely got along in any kingdom. The ultimate decision came down to King Baldwin.

“No matter what we choose, we do not have time for a lengthy debate. Personally, I am furious with those savages for using my cute daughter as an excuse to attack after I attempted to placate them with her. Let us send out all of our forces to strike back.”

The king looked out at his commanders with majesty in his eyes. And he stopped in front of one man.

“Royal Guard General Madelene, I leave the vanguard to you. Leave immediately and prepare the battlefield.”

Madelene gallantly prepared an elite unit of 2000 knights.

“Those snakes crawling through the backcountry have apparently mistaken themselves for dragons. As a civilized kingdom, we must educate them with the whip.”

The prime candidate to be Clanaria’s next king left the capital with those grand words.

And those words made it clear that the majority of the Clanarian army still optimistically believed that the army of a remote kingdom like Domos did not pose a threat.

Chapter 6 — Battle of Corlal Field

The day after the wedding ceremony in the Domos capital of Fenrir, the Domos's military flag was raised: black with a yellow border and a legendary divine wolf in the center.

The supreme commander was of course Domos King Lorent. He was followed by his generals: Stephan, Almeida, Kubdai, Shigsal, Naja, Carnap, Vatistuta, and Lumishas. The army was 12 thousand strong. They had far more horses than soldiers, so 20 thousand horses kicked dust high into the sky.

Domos Queen Ansandra rode in a carriage in the reverse of the journey she had taken just a month earlier.

The maids and knights that had accompanied her from Clanaria were shocked and dumbfounded by this sudden turn of events. The marriage had been intended to build friendship between the kingdoms, but it had led to the exact opposite.

They had no idea what to do, but they were forced to choose one of two things: Serve Ansandra by assisting Domos, or die.

Every last one of them chose to serve Ansandra as before. This had less to do with Ansandra's leadership ability and more to do with the naïve idea that surviving now would lead to alternative options in the future.

Ansandra sat in the shaking carriage and it was Dominic rather than Mimi who sat opposite her this time.

That viper of a woman was trying to gather information on Clanaria from the traitorous princess. Ansandra hated Dominic, but she was Lorent's wife now and she had steeled her resolve, so she was willing to help.

"Look at that."

There was a commotion outside the carriage and one of the soldiers cried out. Ansandra looked out the window and followed everyone's gazes.

A truly large flying dragon was soaring calmly north to south in the western sky. Its massive body glittered gold in the summer sunlight.

“A gold dragon. The Divine Golden Dragon has appeared!”

Someone else cried out that name and smiles spread across the people’s faces like a ripple.

“The Divine Golden Dragon?”

Ansandra had never heard of a god named that, so Dominic explained while giving the excited soldiers a scornful look.

“It is one of Domos’s folk beliefs. It is very widely believed.”

She spoke resonantly, like she was singing.

“When a dragon lives for more than a thousand years, it is said to become a god beyond human understanding. And the greatest of these divine dragons has scales that glitter with gold and a roar that travels a thousand miles and smashes mountains. Any who bathe in its blood gain a body of steel and any who drink its blood become immortal. A sword forged from its fang can cleave even the sea and a shield hammered from its bones can stop even the sky.”

It sounded like she could continue, but Dominic stopped there.

“Well, a lot of it is contradictory and they are no more than legends. The divine dragon is supposed to come from a flying dragon that lives for a thousand years, but they live for at most 30 years and usually only 20. It simply isn’t possible for them to reach 1000.”

Dominic shrugged, but the wild passion outside was growing out of control.

Lorent wore black armor and rode his great black steed named Black Flame Hair. He rode up onto a small hill, drew his sword in front of his troops, and struck a grand pose.

“Behold! The Divine Golden Dragon watches over us. This is proof that heaven has blessed us. There is no doubting our victory now!”

“Ohhhhhhh!!!”

Some of the soldiers were moved to tears.

“His Majesty looks incredible no matter what he does.”

Ansandra sighed as she watched the man who had made her body his captive, but Dominic responded much more coldly despite having fallen for the same man.

“That dragon is either covered in moss or has some kind of disease. He is merely using the legend to his own ends. He will use whatever it takes to win. From a whiny little girl to a great dragon.”

Ansandra responded indifferently to Dominic’s blunt statement.

“Appearance is what matters in all things. A little girl will develop feelings for you if you sleep with her every day and a dragon will raise morale if you call it a god.”

The carriage continued on as Ansandra and Dominic fought their icy feminine battle within.

Led by the ever-victorious King Lorent, the Domos army travelled south from the northern mountains at lightning speed. They attacked Gorod Fortress, a barracks on the Clanarian border, and it fell in a single night. But they ignored all of the other strongly defended fortress cities and enveloped 10 or so villages in crimson flames as if paying a toll along the way. The army marched swiftly across the empty fields.

The Clanarian army was waiting to stop the Domos army at Corlal Field, which was located 3 days south from Domos-controlled Sulbey and 8 days north of the Clanarian capital of Curling.

The area barely qualified even as “remote” for the Clanarian forces. Crossing that field would take the Domos army to the granary region of Bastore. Clanaria had to protect that region at all costs, so Vanguard General Madelene had used day laborers to build a fence.

“That vanguard general uses some loathsome tactics.”

Madelene’s troops were far from elites, but there were 2000 of them. Lorent had 6 times that many, but after one glance at the enemy formation, he decided against a direct assault. He instead stopped his army atop a hill that gave him a view of Corlal Field in its entirety.

“I had wanted to take Bastore, but Clanaria reacted quicker than expected.”

Domos King Lorent sat on a stool at the very back of his tent. He stroked his chin in surprise and peered at his new wife’s face where she sat next to him.

“ ... ”

Ansandra only casually looked away while successfully hiding her panic, but that told Lorent something.

“It would seem you really did send a secret messenger back home. I had thought you were drowning in pleasure in my arms, but it would seem I can’t let my guard down around you even for a second.”

Ansandra neither confirmed nor denied the accusation. She remained expressionless and ignored him.

It was true she had sent a secret messenger, but she had never imagined Mimi would actually fulfill her duty and she could not suppress the surprise in her heart.

“Well, fine. I knew this would come down to a showdown somewhere. If they are focused on defense, there is no need to spill our own blood in a forced attack. They will shift to attack once their main force arrives. That is when we will strike.”

Lorent’s prediction provided accurate. With time, more and more reinforcements arrived for the Clanarian army.

The Clanarian army gathered at Corlal Field had Right General Duchess Chamomile in control of the eastern defensive army, Left General Hopard in charge of the western defensive army, and General Albare in charge of the full interception army. All told, there numbers reached 30 thousand.

This was the same troop formation they had used around 2 months prior in the battle against the Exstar Kingdom in the western Catra territory. That meant it was a flawless formation.

Also, King Baldwin must have been quite upset after handing over his daughter and having that good will trampled underfoot. Defense of Curling had been left to Prime Minister Stuart and the king himself commanded 3000

troops at Satarfia, approximately halfway between the royal capital and the front line. Of course, that was only to demonstrate his resolve to the army and he had no intention of actually participating in the battle.

This was the strongest and most certain formation that Clanaria could think of. Some would call it the strongest on the continent.

Clanaria's troops now had the strength they needed to ruin their enemy, so there was no need to hesitate. Intending to begin the battle the following morning, General Albare gathered his commanders to his headquarters, so Lucy was on her way there.

"Hey, Demon Princess, you're looking pretty grim."

A knight in bright red armor lined his horse up alongside hers.

"Madelene!?"

He was the lover of Clanaria's 1st Princess Virginia and a favored retainer of King Baldwin. He was also the first and only man Lucy had shared a bed with.

"You have guts to continue brazenly showing your face before me and even calling out to me. My spear White Heaven can easily pierce that red breastplate of yours."

Lucy did not even try to hide her displeasure as she raised her slender spear. The lady killer raised both hands in an expression of surrender.

"Don't be like that. I was trying to be nice since I can guess how it must feel to have your best friend on the other side of the battle. I'd like it if you recognized that kindness, my former lover."

Madelene's jocular tone really made Lucy want to put the spear right through his chest, but she smiled bitterly because she knew this was just the kind of guy he was.

"Former lover, hm? Giving you access to my body was the greatest mistake in my life. I'd prefer not to remember that."

Lucy was special enough just being General Albare's daughter and she was also known as a Demon Princess, a Fierce Woman, and a War Goddess, so no man had had the guts to seduce her. Except for this one, that is.

In bed, he had whispered to her while groping her body.

“I will be king one day. And I will bring all the many kingdoms together with my own power. I can do it, so you come with me.”

Madelene had always burned with insubordinate ambition. Due to her lineage, Lucy was more than loyal to Clanaria’s royal family, so she had trembled with fear upon learning this man was plotting to usurp the throne in the future. But his bold and ambitious charm had kept its grasp on her feminine heart and she had spent her days agonizing between her duty and her emotions.

She had never even dreamed he would use a trick like seducing 1st Princess Virginia. His plans had far exceeded Lucy’s expectations.

“I should have realized what was going on when you refused to make our relationship public. To think you were secretly working to steal a princess’s heart.”

Lucy desperately kept her feelings inside, but she could not hide the tremor of anger and humiliation in her voice.

“Don’t say that. I still love you.”

The gentleman said it so readily that Lucy had to give him a skeptical look. And she finally opened her mouth.

“You are a bold man. You will marry a princess in the near future, but you’re already looking for mistresses? You will be a royal soon, so how about you watch what you say?”

Those biting words were not enough to shake Madelene.

“Virginia has her own mistress: magic. Her magic research is apparently an irreplaceable hobby for her. She happens to be focused on me now, but she will eventually return to her magical pursuits.”

“Don’t act like you don’t put your ambitions above love in the same way.”

“I wasn’t trying to. That’s one reason why we’ll make such a good couple.”

Madelene readily accepted Lucy’s critique and looked up into the azure sky. It was somewhat cloudy.

“How about it? The position of mistress is still open. I want a woman who can ride out onto the battlefield with me. Do you think we can redo this?”

He approached with a serious expression.

Lucy looked away with a furious expression and exploded into laughter.

“Ha ha ha... You really are bold! A bold man indeed. You don’t know your place. You have no right to look down on that savage king Lorent who thinks himself a conqueror.”

Lucy grabbed her horse’s reins and kicked it in the gut. She needed to get to the headquarters, so she did not have time to chat here.

“I will seduce you eventually.”

Madelene called out to her as she galloped off.

Her chest burned and she just about cried. She hated herself for being unable to forget that love she had supposedly thrown out.

(This is no time to deal with that man. I need to save Princess Ansandra.)

It was the end of summer. As the clear morning air covered the field, the dawn’s first light gently shined down from east to west. The grass and trees were brightly illuminated and a silver river of armor and weapons began flowing out onto the green field.

“They’re finally coming.”

Lorent told his entire army the time was ripe and ordered them to prepare for a counterattack.

The Clanarian army had 33 thousand men and the Domos army had 12 thousand. A simple comparison suggested the Domos army did not stand a chance, but the veteran Domos soldiers did not take a pessimistic view.

“If the enemy outnumber us 3-to-1, we can wipe them out if every 1 of us takes out 3 of them.”

Those fierce warriors truly thought they could do that.

Clanaria’s greater numbers seemed to have the advantage on the great

expanse of Corlal Field, but this terrain allowed full use of the cavalry, so it was the ideal battlefield for Domos and its primarily cavalry army. The battlefield allowed both sides to use their greatest advantage.

Domos held the high ground, so they could more easily grasp the full battlefield. That seemed to give them an advantage, but the terrain was fairly level and Clanaria was not at much of a disadvantage.

“Go, Lucy. Find out just how powerful these rumored Domos soldiers really are.”

Clanarian General Albare gave the honor of the vanguard to his beloved daughter. It was a nepotistic choice, but it also showed that he trusted his daughter’s military senses.

“Every warrior wishes to fight on the vanguard. I won’t let the enemy build any momentum. Try to keep up with me!”

With her silver uniform glittering in the sunlight, Lucy looked like a true War Goddess. The 500 horseback troops who followed her were the top elites chosen personally by Albare.

“The enemy vanguard is approaching with approximately 500 on horseback!”

Lorent lightly nodded at the report.

“So they’ve finally started moving. It is difficult to break someone who is focused on defense, but someone seeking victory is surprisingly fragile. We will finish this swiftly. The enemy likely intends to fight a quick skirmish to test our strength, but we will pull them in and destroy them.”

The Domos strategy had been given to the troops in advance. The first to move on Lorent’s instructions was the 1000-man vanguard led by Lumishas.

General Lumishas had been left in charge of the Domos vanguard and she had been the adopted daughter of the former king of Sulbey. And her virginity had been taken by Lorent.



The troops under her command were of course made up of Sulbey's former retainers, so it was easy to imagine the complicated feelings in their hearts. They had fought so fiercely against Domos not long ago, but now they were fighting on Domos's behalf as the vanguard against Clanaria.

Lorent's official reason for selecting Lumishas for the vanguard was to allow her and her men to demonstrate their military prowess to their new master, but he of course had another reason.

If he placed this new unit in the rear, there was a risk of them firing arrows at the back of the Domos army during the battle. If that happened, Domos would be forced to retreat no matter how powerful they might be. To prevent that, he had placed the former Sulbey retainers in the vanguard as an implicit threat that he would have them immediately slaughtered from behind if they tried anything funny.

Even if they had their misgivings, they would be forced to fight under the Domos flag to ensure Lorent was pleased with their work. And if they did not, they would be drowned by the Clanarian troops pushing in like the surging waves. The former Sulbey soldiers would have to fight valiantly to save their own lives.

This was less Lorent's own cunning and more a tactic developed during this age of war. Placing newcomers on the vanguard was the standard decision.

Domos's vanguard unit was larger. Lucy did not want a head-on clash, so she circled to the right to hold them in check.

After a whizzing sound, an arrow pierced the forehead of what looked like a veteran warrior at the lead of the Domos troops. He flipped backwards and from his horse. He was torn to pieces by the hooves of his allies' horses.

Lucy had fired her bow on horseback. She displayed incredible skill. And since the horsemen under her command were also skilled in archery, they avoided approaching too close, cleverly kept their distance, and fired arrow after arrow.

"Well done."

"Oh? Not bad."

Albare the doting father and Lorent the enemy commander voiced their impressions at the same moment. But the commander of the losing side was not just going to sit idly by.

"What are you doing!? Don't let the enemy's tactics get the better of you. Set up a wind barrier and crush them!"

As Lucy skillfully guided her horse, she fired 5 more arrows. But from the 2nd one, the Domos soldiers skillfully avoided them with their helmets and armor. And when she fired her 6th arrow, it flew off at an odd angle.

She could not have heard Lorent's shouting, but Lumishas had immediately used wind barrier magic to block the arrows.

"Throw aside your bows and raise your spears. We'll take this to them directly."

The Clanarian forces led by Lucy and the Domos forces led by Lumishas who

had set up a wind barrier charged toward each other in a large clump.

Female warriors and generals were not all that rare, but it was still unusual for the vanguard on both sides to be led by a woman.

Lumishas rode a palomino horse, swung her whip, and repelled the gathering enemy soldiers as she commanded her troops. She was 28. Perhaps because she was an outsider, the plain woman tended to be so taciturn you could forget she was even there, but she truly shined on the battlefield. Enough so that Lorent had given her troops to command.

Clanaria's warrior woman shined just as much. Lucy fought from horseback while wielding her beloved spear named White Heaven.

Both sides refused to allow the other side to advance even a step and blood sprayed out and filled the wind as the area developed into a scene of carnage.

"Go help Lucy. Send in the next group."

Even if Lucy was not losing, it was 1000-to-500. She would not last long. Both sides had clashed simultaneously, so Albare ordered 2000 men to be sent in as reinforcements. Clanaria's army had more than twice as many men, so there was no need to hold back.

Before his vanguard could be swallowed up by a sea of overwhelming numbers, Lorent gave further orders.

"Order Lumishas to fall back. Have Kubdai's 2nd formation shatter the enemy that pursues her!"

General Kubdai was 25. He had been Lorent's aide since he was young. Their similar ages meant he had approached Lorent as something like an older brother. He had assisted Lorent as his second-in-command since before he took the throne. No one had Lorent's trust more than him. He was not an especially fierce or intellectual general. He struck a nice balance between offense and defense and he was persistent. He was an unsophisticated man with a beardless and simple face and Ansandra had heard Lorent describe him as "a man who can always be used for something".

Sure enough, Kubdai broke the leading edge of the Clanarian troops pursuing Lumishas's unit and then swiftly moved away before the Clanarian unit could

regroup and attempt a counterattack. It was the kind of hit-and-away tactic only possible for a cavalry unit.

The Domos army tried to break the enemy's formation by repeatedly using their horsemen's mobility to sharply advance and gallantly fall back, but Clanaria's tactics were superbly skilled and their formation would not fall apart.

Albare knew he had twice the enemy's numbers, so he kept true to his plan and always attempted to use his superior numbers to surround and eliminate the enemy. If the Domos troops showed an opening as they buzzed around like flies, he would not overlook it and he would send in reinforcements.

Domos was always on the offensive and Clanaria was always on the defensive.

However, that was only on the surface.

The Domos army's attack would eventually reach its limit. Once that happened, it would quickly collapse. The Clanarian army thought it was only a matter of time.

"Order Hopard and Chamomile to advance the left and right flanks. But have them move slowly."

Left General Hopard was a middle-aged gentleman with an impressive mustache. He struck a decent balance between results and personality, and he was being watched as a possible candidate for the next head general.

Right General Duchess Chamomile was a 40-year-old widow who was known for her thoughtfulness and archery skill. She was secretly Albare's mistress and had been Lucy's archery instructor.

Both of them had stable skill as commanders, so they moved with perfect coordination to flank the Domos army on both sides. Domos's hit-and-away tactics were gradually working against them as Clanaria sent in their excess troops.

"Focus your magic bullets between the enemy's right flank and center. Create an opening there."

The Domos army was almost half-surrounded, but on Lorent's orders, their front line launched silver light that flew toward the enemy as bands of glowing

balls.

Magic bullets were the most standard type of magic. It fired a ball of magic about the size to fit in the palm.

Magic was convenient and magicians who had researched and trained in the field could produce fire, frost, gusts of wind, flashes of light, darkness, and more. Magicians could produce higher level supernatural phenomena with greater skill, a better environment, a superior catalyst, or a more complex ceremony. It was even said that it would be theoretically possible for someone to fly or cause an earthquake.

But the high level magic was too taxing on the user's stamina and required too long an incantation, so even in the hands of the most well-trained magicians, it was not always useful in combat.

Conversely, magic bullets were a basic form of magic that fired pure magic power, so they were not much of a burden on the user and were fairly effective even in the hands of the average soldier. That made them perfect for combat. In other words, an attack from a thousand ants was more useful than from a single elephant.

They were not very lethal, but they would negate the magic cast on armor and shields and made those defenses more brittle. When used right, magic bullets could bring great change to the battlefield.

As a dense volley of magic bullets unbalanced Clanaria's formation and a flower of magic light blossomed brightly, Lorent ordered a charge.

"Tell Almeida and Shigsal that they're up. It's their turn to go nuts!"

The unit of 2000 horsemen that had been preserved at the Domos rear guard now moved forward under two commanders.

Almeida was 36. He had fought on the battlefield since the time of Domos's previous king. As a true Domos man, he had ridden more on a horse than walked on his own two feet. He had a stern face, tanned skin, a black beard, and the overall appearance of an old warrior. He was like a living embodiment of Domos's militaristic personality. Nothing honored him more than leading the charge in a difficult battle and he had been disappointed when he had not been

chosen for the vanguard in this battle.

Meanwhile, Shigsal was just as wild a warrior. He would turn 15 soon, so he was by far Domos's youngest commander. He was the young master of the Pixy clan, a highly isolationist group even within Domos, but he revered Lorent like a god. Lorent likely wanted to raise him well, so he preferred to give him important positions on the battlefield.

Two of Domos's fiercest commanders were on the attack. The intention was clear: As the concentrated fire of magic bullets opened a wound in the Clanarian army while they thinned themselves to surround the Domos army, those two would charge in and break through the center. It was exactly the sort of ferocious and daring tactic that Domos was known for.

Of course, Clanaria accurately saw through Domos's tactic. To prevent it, they tried to fill the wound with men and horses. A deadly wall of spears, arrows raining down thick enough to blot out the sun, and blinding magic light wore them down.

And after much intense battle, Shigsal's unit successfully broke through a gap like a fired arrow. This was due to Shigsal's fearless valor as well as Almeida drawing away many more of the enemy.

Whatever the case, Shigsal's unit tried to break through the Clanarian army using their momentum, but Clanaria was not about to let the blade stabbed deep inside them stir up their organs. They fought back with twice the intensity of the initial counterattack to the charge.

Shigsal was blocked by a wall of soldiers and horses and brought to a standstill in the center of the enemy formation.

Utterly surrounded, it looked like his unit would be crushed from all sides. They took great damage but were not utterly destroyed thanks to Shigsal's efforts. The ferocious boy held a curved sword, rode amongst his own forces, assisted his struggling men, encouraged them, gathered the injured in the center, fortified their defenses, and waited for the reinforcements that were sure to arrive.

"Such energy in that one."

Albare admired the struggling young beast with its leg caught in the hunter's trap, but as the supreme commander of the Clanarian army, he was not satisfied with simply stopping the enemy's attempt to break through their center.

When Domos's troops had gathered on the right, he had ordered an attack on the center and left. He had the excess troops to do that. The center and right of Domos's army had also nearly been routed.

But Domos's frontline unit deflected and repelled the attacking Clanarian troops.

It was led by a man by the name of Vatistuta who had once been a great commander of Celeste. He had led the Celeste army and fought against Domos countless times. And during single combat with Lorent, he had continued fighting even after having his left arm cut off at the elbow. When Celeste had fallen, Lorent had not wanted to lose such a skilled commander, so he had showed the man honor and invited him into his own camp.

Of all the commanders on this battlefield, only Albare surpassed him in both past results and fame. His history of warfare was far longer than Lorent's.

Even with only one arm, Vatistuta did not appear any less formidable. He controlled his steed without holding the reins, he swung his great spear with one arm, and he commanded his troops.

"Such solid defense. You would think they had planted roots in the earth."

That impressed comment came from Albare's aide, Uldarg. Uldarg was a young, courageous, and honest warrior. Albare secretly thought he could be his daughter Lucy's future husband.

"But our own men are disappointing. How could they overlook this opportunity to grasp victory!? Sir, will you allow me take direct command?"

Albare used a hand to reject his hot-blooded aide's suggestion.

"There is no need to rush. That unit's role is to defend and they will not bring any major change to the battle. They will shake us a few more times, but that will never bring us down."

Uldarg straightened his back and saluted at his respected commander's expression of confidence.

Meanwhile, Lorent was racing across the battlefield with none of Albare's calm.

To break free of this crisis with the slight time Vatistuta's fierce attack had bought him, he sent in all of his reserve troops.

He took direct command on the front line as arrows and magic bullets whizzed by, worked to help his front line recover, and struck at the enemy formation with his personal troops whenever he saw an opportunity. Shigsal's troops responded by making a last ditch effort, breaking through a point in the enemy troops surrounding them, and successfully escaped. But they took severe damage in the process. Loyal and brave Toce, an elderly man who had long served Shigsal's clan, died in battle and 4 other noted retainers were also lost.

But this did not mean the Domos army had escaped its crisis. Shigsal had been rescued, but this had placed the Domos and Clanarian armies in an all-out clash.

In a battle of attrition where both sides fought to the last man, Domos had no chance of victory. They had to put some distance between the two sides if they were to make full use of their cavalry's mobility.

"Have Carnap and Vatistuta's units continue to the left, have Kubdia's horsemen make a feint to the right before withdrawing, and have Lumishas's unit advance in their stead."

The situation demanded it, but withdrawing while continuing to fight was a difficult task. It pained Lorent that it was necessary.

"They're crumbling."

Albare smiled as his calculating eyes observed Domos withdrawing while making feints. Domos's attack had reached its limit.

"Have Hopard's unit quickly advance to strike the enemy's retreating left flank. Do not let Domos's main force escape. Pursue them and destroy them."

Hopard's attack with 6000 men was swift and effective. To beat Domos at

their own game, he cleanly cut into one section of their formation and rushed forward. Domos could not surround the advancing enemy troops the way Clanaria had before because the Clanarian army began an all-out attack across the battlefield.

Domos's front line melted like butter on a frying pan.

The trend of the battle was set. Vatistuta's unit continued fighting on the front line with any sort of organization the longest, but even they began retreating while supporting their allies.

Even so, Lorent attempted a counterattack to turn things around. He worked to crush Hopard's troops that had accurately cut deep into Domos's formation to reach the core of their army.

"Tell General Stephan to circle to the enemy's left side and cut off their escape route."

The experienced old general who had served as Lorent's tutor was not exactly quick-witted, but he had great skill built from the military, political, and diplomatic experience to match his many years. He was an undeniably vital part of the kingdom.

The 1500 horsemen he commanded moved in a clockwise semicircle and struck at the left side of Hopard's troops who had advanced too far away from their allies.

Domos was attempting to cut Hopard's troops off from their main force, have Stephan and Kubdai's units surround them, and destroy them as the first step in causing the entire Clanarian army to collapse.

Even if it did not turn out that well, they could at least stop Hopard's advance. And if possible, they hoped the enemy troops would draw back so Domos had time to rebuild their battle line.

"Not a bad attempt, but it is not enough. This was a trap that Albare, Hopard, and I worked together to set without exchanging so much as a word."

Stephan's horsemen were stopped by the light infantry led by Clanaria's Duchess Chamomile.

“Aim for the horses’ legs.”

The soldiers held round shields in one hand and swords in the other. They all crouched on the ground and swept their swords toward the horses’ front legs.

That was why Stephan’s unit came to a stop.

And immediately afterwards, the 1000 infantry commanded by Carnap attacked from behind Chamomile’s troops.

Carnap had been a wandering mercenary until Lorent had recognized his talent and recruited him. True to that history, he had an excellent eye for tactics.

But Chamomile’s troops were not at all shaken by the pincer attack from in front and behind.

After all, they were 6000 strong. A pincer attack from 1500 and 1000 was nothing. Even if Carnap was attacking from behind Chamomile, Carnap was exposing his soft flank to the main Clanarian force. He would be destroyed soon enough.

Chamomile was an experienced woman general, so she did not mistake the importance of the factors around her. She ignored Carnap’s attack and worked at cutting down Stephan’s troops. And she aimed to destroy Domos’s entire army by attacking in parallel to Hopard.

“Gh.”

As Ansandra watched the battle play out, she sensed Dominic gulp as she too watched the battlefield.

Lorent was preserving a poker face as he commanded the front line on his steed, but he had to be sweating profusely where no one could see. That was plain enough to a woman who had slept with him so many times.

And even if Ansandra was an amateur when it came to war, she could still tell the Domos army was teetering on a razor’s edge.

“It seems a kingdom only as powerful as Domos truly cannot defeat Clanaria.”

Ansandra sensed anew how reckless her husband was as she held herself with her trembling arms.

“This will be the crack that ultimately breaks them.”

Confident of their victory, Chamomile gave her orders, but then she sensed a large flock of giant birds and her face clouded over.

“What!?”

She and her troops looked skyward in shock.

A flock of grim reapers spread their wings wide to fill the blue sky.

With her red ponytail blowing in the powerful wind, Naja looked down at the defenseless enemy army below and blew a cheerful whistle. Then she raised a long spear in her right hand and swung it down.

“Throw your spears!”

Naja’s flying dragon unit suddenly flew down with the deafening noise of flapping wings.

In the central plain, flying dragons were primarily used as messengers. There were simply not enough of them to put together a unit, so they were never deployed on the battlefield.

Using them in war made a great difference.

500 spears poured down like rain.

5 of them were targeted at Chamomile. 1 grazed her helmet, 1 injured her horse’s hoof, 1 stabbed deep into her thigh, 1 shattered her left fist, and 1 pierced her chest.

That veteran woman general’s eyes widened in shock as she fell from her horse and onto her back.

“Duchess Chamomile was killed!?”

That report brought a shudder to the Clanarian army.

As Albare commanded from the rear of the army, he stood in shock at the

death of his trusted colleague and mistress.

“Rush the enemy formation! Follow me! Our flying dragon unit will hog all the honor for ourselves!”

Naja and her large black winged dragon flew down toward the 6000 soldiers unsure what to do with their direct commander gone. She raced across the battlefield sky like a whirlwind.

“Ah ha ha ha! This is the great central plain kingdom everyone was so worried about!? They’re so weak! They’re barely even worth mentioning! We could’ve taken them without bothering with that princess first! This kingdom’s pathetic!”

Naja guffawed with her healthily white teeth on display. Then her 500 flying dragon knights whipped up the dirt with their wind pressure and flew every which way.

(It was all for this!?)

As Ansandra watched the dramatic change on the battlefield, she realized her husband had kept the flying dragons in reserve to ensure he could take the head of one of the enemy generals.

Corlal Field was almost entirely flat, so taking the high ground only accomplished so much. But he had used that slight hill to position Naja’s flying dragon unit in an unseen position and then retreat to lure the Clanarian army within range of a surprise attack.

(That’s such a cheap shot...)

Ansandra was shocked, but she had to admit it was an excellent strategy. She felt vindicated in the promise she had seen in him, but another emotion also rose in her chest.

(General Chamomile...I’m sorry. I...I...)

She had known that women since she was little, but she had killed her. And from a position where she had to celebrate that death.

Unable to suppress what was rising inside her, Ansandra vomited.

“Good, now strike back!”

The Domos army began an all-out counterattack.

Assuming victory was theirs, the Clanarian army had hastily charged in and carelessly overextended their formation when they were struck. Domos did not overlook their bewilderment. One could barely believe they had been fleeing and crumbling a moment before. The horses turned back around and began a fierce counterattack. In fact, their previous retreat had been a bluff.

“Don’t fall behind the flying dragon girls!”

The Domos soldiers cheered.

“Naja! Naja! Naja!”

No woman in Domos was as loved as Naja. Ansandra might be queen and recently wed into Domos, but her popularity paled next to Naja’s. And while Dominic was respected for her talents, she scored far fewer points when it came to popularity.

Naja was a flying dragon rider to the core who had been riding them as long as she could remember.

She was cheerful, sociable, and openly sexual. Everyone knew she was Lorent’s mistress, but she was still loved. She was the Daughter of Domos born and raised in their ways.

Chamomile’s soldiers struck back at the morale-boosted Domos army. They were far from weak, but they were ready to flee after the sudden loss of their trusted commander and the attack from the flying dragons.

They were so disorganized they could easily have caused the entire Clanarian army to take flight.

“Don’t just stand around! Avenge General Chamomile! They had the audacity to swoop down in the middle of our formation, so make them pay for it with their lives! Do not allow a single one to return alive!”

On her white horse, Lucy rebuked the troops, rotated White Heaven over her head, and then thrust it forward.

A flying dragon crashed to earth and dirt blasted skyward.

Impressed by her brilliant display, the disorganized soldiers returned to their senses. They did not fully organize themselves, but they sporadically fought back here and there.

“Tch.”

Naja sharply clicked her tongue, brought her ferocious dragon around, raised her long spear, and charged toward Lucy.

As the long spear swung down from above, Lucy caught it on the center of the spear she held in both hands. She forcefully repelled the blow, grabbed the shaft at the base with her right hand, and made a sharp thrust.

Naja had her flying dragon twist its upper body out of the way.

“Die!”

“Die!”





The war goddesses of both armies cried out in unison.

The red-haired and violet-haired women swung their spears around and pitted their skills against each other.

Naja used the height of her flying dragon for powerful attacks and Lucy used the space around her for an ever-changing attack.

After they crossed blades 20 times, an arrow whistled through the air and grazed the wing of Naja's flying dragon.

“!”

To repair their broken formation, Vanguard General Madelene and his cavalry unit had moved to the front line.

The 2000 horsemen led by Lucy's former lover were Clanaria's elites. They shot down the flying dragons with incredible accuracy.

“Damn, someone just had to interfere, didn’t they? Fall back!”

With spear at the ready and reins in her mouth, Naja used the squeezing of her thighs, the kick of her heels, and the shifting of her body weight to guide her flying dragon away without using her hands.

“Hey, you’re pretty good. I’m Naja! What’s your name?”

“It’s Lucy.”

“Until we meet again. We can settle this then.”

Naja rapidly ascended without waiting for Lucy to respond.

The flying dragon knights had appeared like lightning and wreaked havoc like a tornado, but now they left the battle as a whirlwind.

The appeal of a flying dragon was its mobility. If they remained in one spot, they would fall victim to arrows and magic bullets. Naja knew that from inborn instinct and actual experience.

After driving back the dragons with arrows, Madelene switched to a mid-sized sword in the right hand and a round shield in the left. Red light trailed after his magic sword when it was swung and he had dubbed it Crimson Princess.

“The enemy has fled! After them!”

Madelene was a womanizer, a man of insubordinate ambition, rich in administrative skill, and a top rate tactician, but he was also a courageous and skilled warrior in single combat.

He was known as a fierce commander for his results and he had used devious tactics that also covered all the bases as he raced across the wild battlefield. Even Lucy had to admit he looked like the greatest commander of his generation right now.

Meanwhile, Lorent was commanding his all-out attack.

“Now is our chance. Do not let up on the attack! The beautiful women of Curling are waiting for you with their pussies wet! All troops, follow me!”

The fierce king in black helmet and armor set Black Flame Hair (his black-haired steed that seemed far too large to be of Domos stock) in motion, took

the lead of his personal troops, and cleared a path with his great sword named Fang of the Demon God.

The blade split helmets and severed arms. His great strength truly looked like a demon god to the Clanarian soldiers.

Both sides now had their main forces caught in combat.

Madelene commanded in his red cloak and Lorent in his black armor. They were so powerful that they naturally approached each other.

The first to notice and open his mouth was Madelene.

“Hey, savage. You attacked your wife’s home immediately after marrying her. You seem to lack character, a conscience, and common sense. But don’t worry, I’m willing to educate you. Put down your sword and beg for mercy. Civilized people like us are tolerant, so we will spare your life.”

“Such nonsense. But it amuses me. Now, how about you surrender? I will allow you to fight as one of my generals. To me, that seems a much wiser choice than dying for a doomed kingdom, but what do you think!?”

Their exchange of words was meaningless. It was no more than trash talk.

Madelene grinned and Lorent expressionlessly raised his sword. Both men faced each other from their horses.

The soldiers of both armies gulped. Every last one of them was interested in what was sure to be the greatest bout of single combat of the age. And both sides wholeheartedly believed their commander would emerge victorious.

Lorent swung his blood-wet blade and a red shower flew from it.

Killer intent already filled the battlefield, but this action contained much more intense killer intent.

Just as Lucy had suggested, they were two of a kind. They burned with unwise ambition and would do anything to achieve their goal. Everyone was aware they were more villains than heroes.

“Your wife is crying...”

“She is a crucial pawn for conquering the continent. I am taking good care of

Ansandra.”

Madelene narrowed his eyes and Lorent calmly stared back. Killer intent exploded between them.

Lorent started forward first. His thick blade sliced through the air and a crimson shield caught it. Madelene pushed back with his shield and his mid-sized sword danced out.

Lorent dodged the crimson blade with an impressive sense of balance and made an incredible barrage while fully aware Madelene’s shield would deflect it.

Madelene had a shield and Lorent did not. That meant Lorent had to remain on the attack. The shield deflected his fierce and powerful blows overhead or to the right or left.

After around 100 exchanges, Lorent kept up the attack. Madelene endured it with his shield and occasionally found an opening and made a sharp slash, but his crimson blade was deflected and sliced through empty air. About 3 lines had been sliced in the black armor.

Madelene was primarily defending, but he was not at a disadvantage. He was letting Lorent attack all he wanted so he could strike back when the man grew tired, but...

“...!”

A crack ran down the center of his round shield.

Madelene was shaken. Lorent made another attack on that crack.

The red shield split in two and fell to the ground. The round shield was now a half-moon shield.

Madelene’s left hand had been crushed at the same time, so his face twisted in agony.

Lorent’s powerful sword had smashed the shield to pieces and he swung it down once more.

The courageous warrior in red armor had his head split open. The dead man fell from his horse.



“Waaaaaaaaaahhhhhh!!!”

Cries of despair and joy raced across the battlefield. Commanders of both sides had engaged in single combat and reached a conclusion.

The Clanarian army had lost Chamomile and Madelene in quick succession.

The shock was enough to devastate the soldiers’ morale. The entire army took flight as a great stampede.

“The enemy ranks have crumbled. Pursue them. Do not let a single soldier live!”

Lorent’s voice rang loud. But he was inciting his troops to action, not ordering them. Led by Almeida, Kubdai, Shigsal, Carnap, Vatistuta, and Lumishas, the Domos soldiers formed a ferocious torrent that swallowed up the fleeing Clanarian soldiers.

“We’ll be going too.”

Naja’s flying dragon unit was resting a short distance from the battlefield, but they flew back and joined the pursuit of the enemy.

“My troops are to fortify the rear and support the young master. ...But the young master truly is powerful.”

Stephan renewed his loyalty to a king he was proud to have helped raise.

“What!?”

Albare had easily over 4 times as much experience as Lorent, but in all that experience, he had never suffered such a devastating defeat.

The main force of Clanaria’s army was destroyed and it frightened him to imagine what awaited them afterwards.

“We have no choice. I will command the rear guard. Have Hopard gather the rest of the troops.”

Nothing was as difficult as fighting on the rear guard after an utter defeat. He was prepared to die.

“Lucy, you must survive. I pray that our War Goddess has the protection of the Phoenix God.”

After muttering a prayer for his beloved daughter, Albare drew his sword.

“Clanarian General Albare shall fulfill his duty to the end. Domos savages, I shall rout you.”

Afterword

[Note: This Afterword is from the original version. The rereleased version has no Afterword.]

This is Takeuchi Ken, author of *Kingdom Conquered by the Golden Dragon – Part 1: Rape of a Princess*. This was my very first book (and so I really hope you liked it).

Umm...so do you readers like war and women?

I must apologize to any of you good-natured people who do not because you must not have liked this book very much. (Not that you would've bought it in the first place.) But if you are the dangerous sort of person who has the hot-blooded belief that war and women are the romance of men and who inspire the ire of pacifists, then I bet you did enjoy it.

Boys innocently love violent worldviews where men burning with ambition plot against each other, race across the battlefield, and take kingdoms and beautiful women for themselves. (I'll probably get some people saying I'm only assuming other people are that way because I am, but my evidence is how people have always loved Japan's Sengoku period, China's Romance of the Three Kingdoms, and Genghis Khan.) But we certainly couldn't live such a hard life, so we instead enjoy vicariously living a hero's life in novels.

So if I wrote a story about warring kingdoms and kingdom-stealing battles in a fantasy world with the usual swords, magic, and dragons, it would be sure to sell. And that's why I wrote this. (I hope I was right and it does sell.)

Now I should probably get to the customary stuff for a new author.

To my editor Okada-san, thank you for giving me this debut novel. I hope we can continue like this for a long time to come.

To Senbata Rou who did the illustrations, thank you very much. (The readers drawn in by your skill will probably drastically increase the sales of this novel. But if my skill as an author gives them a rude awakening, that will show up in

the sales of Part 2... Tremble, tremble. It scares me just thinking about it.)

Okay, everyone, goodbye for now. Until we meet again in Kingdom Conquered by the Golden Dragon – Part 2: A Princess's Scarlet Tears. (If you've read this far, you must be curious how it turns out. Please don't forget to buy Part 2.)

You can look forward to Knight Woman Lucy's counterattack! (That's supposed to be an ad for Part 2, but I can't find a good way of putting it. ... Anyway, that ends Part 1's Afterword.)